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ILLUSTRATED



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A salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not its tallest headlines



RITA HOLMES

Rita Holmes is a pretty tap and musical-comedy dance instructor from Leyton, near London, who never took much interest in snooker (a variant of pool) until she saw a championship match three years ago. Rita was impressed, took a year's coaching from a local expert and in 1953 won the British women's amateur title on her first try.



MEG DAVIS

Meg Davis, 8, of Philadelphia is the latest member of the famed Kelly family to enter competitive sports. Granddaughter of Olympic Oarsman John B. Kelly Sr., she makes her figure skating debut this month.

THE LABELS

Skaters Leo Lebel, 24, and sister Aldrina, 23, made off with the world barrel jumping championships. Leo's best (28 feet 7 inches) broke a world record after Aldrina made 18 feet 3 inches for a new women's mark.



**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

**Do you favor the
24-second rule
for college basketball?**

ED CDNLIN, co-captain



Fordham University
New York, N.Y.

"Certainly. This rule would end the biggest spectator gripe, fouling. The team behind can get the ball without knocking opponents down or committing other fouls. La Salle lost a championship game fouling to get possession when Duquesne was ahead and freezing the ball in the final minutes."

ELLIE CHAYA, cheerleader



Rt. John's University
Brooklyn, N.Y.

"No. In zone play the defense is very tight. It's tough enough to drive in for a shot. After controlling the ball for 24 seconds, a team would have to give up possession through desperation-shooting. What if a team does freeze the ball? It's good, fast basketball."

RICHARD W. PARENDES, student

University of Connecticut
Storrs, Conn.



"Yes. The 'freeze' in the closing minutes isn't sportsmanship. Coaches are now training specialists in the art of 'freeze-up.' My

college has one of the country's best teams, but we froze the ball against Boston University. Their fouls to break the freeze helped us win. That isn't basketball."

DUDEY MOORE, coach

Duquesne University
Pittsburgh, Pa.



"No, because of the zone defense rule, in which a player guards another in a specific zone instead of following him all over the floor. If the colleges eliminated the zone defense I'd be in favor of the 24-second rule, but I'm positive the colleges will never eliminate zone defense."

JOE BURNER, sportswriter

Windsor, Ont.



"Yes. This rule would provide more action and keep the ball moving toward the basket all the time. Duke, Yale, Wake Forest, Nebraska, Oklahoma A & M and Niagara recently won games in which they were outscored on baskets by their opponents because players had to foul to get possession."

TAPS GALLADNER, coach

Niagara University
Niagara Falls, N.Y.



"Yes, but only for the last three or five minutes of the second half. Not enough shots are made in this time. That's because the

team ahead freezes the ball, a major cause of fouls. Niagara has fouled less than any other team in the last two years. The 24-second rule would even reduce our total."

RONALD McPHEE, captain

Columbia University
New York, N.Y.



"Yes. It would prevent boring stalling, freezing and would speed up the game, making it more interesting to watch and play. But there are problems. This rule might cut down a player's drive to intercept passes. Also it might encourage zone defenses which force a shot from the outside."

H. C. BAUFMAN, athletic director

Dayton University
Dayton, Ohio



"Yes, definitely. Stalling is one of college basketball's worst offenses. It tends to kill interest in the sport. If the team in possession has to get rid of the ball within 24 seconds, it will speed up the game. It's maddening to have the other team freeze the ball when you're behind."

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

DURING the 10 days ending last Sunday the big pins were toppling more consistently in the Chicago Coliseum than anywhere else in the U.S. The nation's leading bowlers were throwing their best hooks and body English into the battle for first place in the All-Star, where victory means the national individual championship. On the scene to report the story, which begins on page

6, was SI's bowling reporter, Victor Kalman.

Bowling and writing about bowling have been second nature to Kalman ever since he took over the bowling column in the Long Island *Daily Press* almost 20 years ago. He soon organized what was then the largest bowling league in the country; and in 1940 he published his own weekly bowling paper, while the newsprint lasted. A good bowler himself, who once rolled the magic 300, Kalman has frequently competed against the stars of the game like Tony Sparando, George Young, Ned Day, Lou Campi, Joe Wilman, Joe Falciano and Andy Varipapa. For Kalman

believes that one of the best ways to report bowling is to get in under the bowl. Not only that, but along with 20 million other men, women and children, he likes to.

When war came, Kalman joined the Marines as a combat correspondent, was later a U.P. foreign correspondent, and for several years filed his stories from such nonbowling centers as Saipan, Tinian, Peleliu, Okinawa and China.

But last year, with that far behind him, Kalman welcomed the unique opportunity **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** offered him—to report bowling regularly, nationally, and as part of the broad perspective of the entire world of sport.

In this enjoyable world, where lately the exceptional development of all sports has been the rule, few know better than Kalman that the phenomenal rise in popularity of bowling has been an exception among exceptions. Its more than 20 million participants make it next to fishing the biggest sport. It is the biggest competitive sport; and it is also a half-billion-dollar industry.

Thanks to air conditioning, bowling has become a round-the-year sport. And new automatic pin-spotters, by eliminating dependence upon the availability of pin boys, are introducing a further change: bowling is now a round-the-clock sport, with many alleys echoing 24 hours a day to the sound of falling pins.

It makes for a full and active schedule for SI's Victor Kalman.



VICTOR KALMAN

Harry Phillips

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Boatley's most demanding and exhausting test this week established a Cleveland man and a Philadelphia girl as the best of the nation's 30 million performers. A report in words and pictures by VICTOR KALMAN and RICHARD MEEK

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SI correspondents in Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, San Francisco and Los Angeles have investigated their local situations. Drawing on their material and on his own inquiries, ROBERT COUGHLIN concludes: "A national scandal"

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The fans claim Hot Rod Handley is the best player basketball has ever seen. Others will argue the point—but nobody denies that this West Virginia star is the most colorful and controversial man on any college court. A word portrait by ROY McHUGH with four pages of top college stars IN COLOR

26 **HOW RUSSIA OUTSHOTS US**

At Caracas, Venezuela, the Soviet Union's pistol and rifle marksmen recently stunned the shooting world by walking away with most of the top honors. How did this happen, and why? PAUL R. WALKER describes this latest Russian threat and warns that U.S. shooters had better get off their heels

34 **THE CHANGING LOOK OF FOX HUNTING**

Speeding cars, housing developments, higher costs and dwindling funds are modern hazards to an ancient sport. Despite them, however, its devotees are carrying on in the great tradition. A complete report by REGINALD WELLS with pictures IN COLOR, a gallery of sportsmen, Do's, Don'ts and Hunting Buttons

42 **APPLE PIE IN SUN VALLEY**

Jill Kinmont, that 21-year-old young lady on SI's cover, the girl the crooked at Sun Valley watched so closely as an Olympic candidate, and the preflight girl in the plane. A picture story by JOHN GERDES

SPORTS
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COVER: Jill Kinmont
Photograph by HY PESKIN

Last year, pretty Jill Kinmont became the first skier ever to win both the women's National Junior and National Senior slalom titles in the same year. Now she is taking dead aim at a spot on the U.S. Olympic team (pp. 42-44). With plenty of practice back home in Bishop, Calif., plus some tips from brother Bobby—a Junior champion in his own right—Jill is a good bet to make the team.

Accompanying photo on page 43

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

GREYHOUND RACING UNDER LIGHTS
FOUR PAGES IN FULL COLOR

The tense and beautiful spectacle of slender-legged greyhounds whipping furiously around an oval each year attracts more and more Americans to more and more tracks. HY PESKIN documents its drama in stunning color

PLUS: THE SANTA ANITA MATURITY, STEELHEAD FISHING IN THE NORTHWEST AND A MATCHWIT PUZZLE

THE MILLROSE GAMES

The beauty of a track-and-field classic in unique water colors by JOHN GROTH, text by BOGART ROGERS

TENLEY ALBRIGHT

SI's cover girl in next week's issue is one of skating's brightest stars. Her friend and teacher, MARIBEL VINSON, tells about her best pupil

WORLD'S BOBBLED CHAMPIONSHIPS

A report from St. Moritz by JIM BELL, with photographs by RALPH CRANE, and a picture map

JANUARY 31, 1955

SPORTS

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6 Lou Campi

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX 300

258 704 713 200 975 POINTS
608 104 513 7 725 772 46



PERFECT GAME of 300 bowled by Lou Campi is shown on the scoreboard as Campi takes his first triumphant steps away from the alley. It was only the fifth perfect game scored during the 14 years of the National All-Star Bowling Tournament. Campi had

11 "picture-perfect" strikes; his only bad moment was on a cross-over in the sixth frame. Coupled with three other good games, including a 258, the perfect score gave Campi the tournament series high of 975. He finished tenth in tournament, however.

SWEAT & TEARS IN CHICAGO

Bowling's most demanding and exhausting test this week established a Cleveland man and a Philadelphia girl as the best of 20 million

by VICTOR KALMAN

CHICAGO

IT TOOK the steely man in the black uniform eternal agonizing moments to lift his howling ball from the rack along Lane No. 14. As he finally turned to survey the pins through rimless glasses, tiny sweat beads on his forehead glistened like costume jewelry under television lights, and an intense silence enveloped the 2,000 spectators in the Chicago Coliseum.

After nine days of racking competition, this was the ball that could mean victory in the All-Star, symbol of the U.S. Match Game Bowling Championship. The ball that 20 million howling fans talk about, that 5½ million league and club participants dream of, that 5,000 professionals strive for and 160 winners of state eliminations come to Chicago to compete for each year. The ball that only the country's two best bowlers ever get a chance to roll.

For veteran Steve Nagy of Cleveland, the big ball was weighted with more than the championship and its immediate glory and gain (at least \$25,000 for his bowling enterprises). It meant restoration of faith in himself. Three times in previous All-Stars he had led the field, only to falter in the final innings. This time, through a series of incredible breaks, he again was in a position to win. At 41, it was almost certainly his last opportunity: only once had a man past that age held the title.

Weary-armed, his calloused thumb badly swollen after bowling 106 and 8-10 games in little more than a week (league bowlers normally roll only 99 competitive games during a nine-month season), Nagy resolutely moved into position. He paused momentarily for a final stationary study of the pins more than 60 feet away. The hall flashed behind his back and then swung forward in a smooth arc as Nagy took his customary four steps. There was the usual muffled reverberation while the ball rolled down the amber alley, then the high-pitched clack of hard-rubber and wood. Down went 10 pins for a strike. Nagy had clinched the title with a frame to spare.

An hour before Nagy's climactic roll, Sylvia Wene, 26, a roly-poly, doll-like Philadelphia miss of 4 ft. 11 in. and 130 pounds, wrested the U.S. women's crown from a tense and ailing Marion Ladewig in a stunning upset. Mrs. Ladewig, a 40-year-old grandmother from Grand Rapids, Mich., was a tired shadow of the fierce competitor who had won five consecutive All-Stars here, scoring nearly as high—and in 1949 higher—than the winner of the men's division. She came to Chicago 13 pounds below her normal weight of 135. On Saturday, the day before the finale, down to 118, she announced her retirement from future championship competition, "win or lose."

The All-Star, which ranks with the American Bowling Congress championships as the two foremost events of the howling season, has been compared variously with baseball's World Series, golf's U.S. Open, the Olympic cross-country run, and all three combined. None of those analogies seems accurate, but this claim for it may be true: in no other single sports event do body and mind take such concentrated punishment over so long a period.

Mrs. Ladewig, for instance, in deciding to retire, said: "I start thinking about it a month before the tournament and I get all tight inside. I can't sleep or eat. I'll never roll in the All-Star again, be-

Text continued on page 10—Additional pictures on next two pages



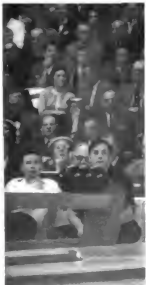
CHAMPIONS Sylvia Wene and Steve Nagy (top) pose with their symbols of supremacy. Marion Ladewig (bottom), defending champion in women's division, sobb after losing her title. She finished third.

BOWLING *continued from page 7*



DOTTIE CROUCH

Left: Dottie Crouch, right: Sylvia Wene. Photo by [illegible]



SYLVIA WENE DEMURELY SKIPS ABOUT AT

STEVE MAGY GRIMLY KNEELS DOWN AT





THE FOUL LINE WHILE WATCHING THE BALL TRAVEL DOWN THE ALLEY. THE GALLERY FOLLOWS HER ANTICS INSTEAD OF THE BALL

FOUL LINE APPLYING MENTAL ENGLISH TO THE BALL. NAGY SOMETIMES JUMPED OVER THE RACKS IN THE HEAT OF HIS EXCITEMENT



text & pictures continued on next page

cause it takes the fun out of bowling."

The vast majority of the nation's bowlers—from age five to 80—roll for enjoyment. For millions it is a pleasurable way to spend an evening with companions. For others it provides exercise, or even psychotherapy.

But the All-Star is no fun, nor is it meant to be. It is a bruising battle among professionals for high stakes. Originated a quarter-century ago by Louis P. Petersen, a Chicago proprietor who has done as much as any man to promote bowling as a sport—as opposed to a pastime—it was taken over by the Chicago Bowling Proprietors Association in 1941. Since World War II, co-sponsored by the Bowling Proprietors Association of America, it has gained in spectator appeal to the point where the three major wire associations, 40 newspapers and seven magazines sent representatives to the Coliseum. One TV and three radio stations reported the play by play.

"PETERSEN POINTS"

The All-Star actually starts in the fall with eliminations in 26 states, the top 160 men and 64 women qualifying for the nine-day competition in Chicago. The winner and runner-up of the previous year are seeded in the final 16. The other 158 men and 62 women roll for five days to determine the 14 remaining places in each division. Then the 16 finalists engage in intensive head-and-head matches the last four days—the men rolling 64 games and the women 32 in almost continuous day-and-night bowling. Scoring is on "Petersen points"—a system devised by the founder. One point is awarded

ALL STAR TOP TENS

MEN

	w	l	pins	points
1. Steve Nagy	39½-24½	13,392	307-17	
2. Ed Lubanski	34-30	13,484	303-34	
3. Don Carter	30½-33½	13,486	300-36	
4. Bob Nickel	36-28	13,183	300-48	
5. Bill Lillard	35-29	13,215	299-45	
6. Tom Hennessey	36½-27½	13,088	298-38	
7. Pete Carter	38-26	12,973	297-23	
8. Bill Bunetta	34½-29½	12,948	295-33	
9. Billy Wells	31-33	13,030	292-09	
10. Loufampi	31½-32½	12,923	290-48	

WOMEN

	w	l	pins	points
Sylvia Wene	19-13	6,180	142-30	
Sylvia Fanta	20-12	5,061	141-11	
Marion Ladewig	21-11	5,983	140-33	
Dolores Wroblewski	17-15	5,920	135-20	
Merle Matthews	17-15	5,945	135-15	
June Kristof	17-15	5,913	135-13	
Bettie Crouch	16-16	5,958	135-08	
Peggy Simmons	17-15	5,846	133-46	
Jean Schultz	15-17	5,942	134-42	
Theresa Wirtzberger	16-16	5,817	132-17	

for each game won, and for every 50 pins knocked down. A half-point, or 25 pins, is given to a bowler who out-scores his opponent in total pins for four games, yet loses three games. Thus, both pinfall and winning games is important.

Defending champion Don Carter, 27, of St. Louis, seeking a record third straight triumph, bowled over more pins than any other finalist this week (see standings), yet did well to jump from seventh to third place in the last match of the tournament. Bad luck in the form of opponents shooting high scores against him plagued him all the way. Bull-shouldered Ed Lubanski of Detroit also outscored Nagy, yet had the title taken out of his back pocket by the Cleveland proprietor in the final four games. Nagy is champion because he got strikes when he needed them most—to win close games. But more than that, he is champion because fortune smiled on him from the start.

Nagy's astounding run of luck started on Wednesday afternoon, when all but 14 hopefuls were eliminated. He

had rolled only 7,315 for the 36 games (203 average) and was far down on the list with many outstanding bowlers still to roll. He returned to his hotel, packed his bags and telephoned his wife Helen to remain in Cleveland.

"I'll be home soon," he said. "I didn't make the finals."

But one by one, some plagued by sore thumbs, others choked by the tense pressure mounting in the great hall, they fell by the wayside. Each needed a strike or a spare to forge ahead of Nagy. Nobody did, but Graz Castellano of New York managed to tie for the 14th place. Nagy, recalled to the Coliseum at 2 a.m., was allowed one warm-up game, then trounced Castellano in a six-game roll-off. At 5 a.m., happily this time, he telephoned red-haired Helen Nagy again: "Hop in the car, I'm in the finals."

By 11 a.m. the 200-pound Nagy, who is known as Big Steve around the tournament circuit, was back at the lanes for his first match. He rolled again in the afternoon to set an all-time record of 21 games in 23 hours.

EXHAUSTED BOWLER grabs a short nap on cot in Coliseum locker room between matches, some of which took place at 2 a.m. Another form of relaxation was card games.



BUSHED NAGY rests for a few moments and discusses tournament with a friend.



The punishing schedule took its toll, of course. He was in 14th place after the opening of the 16 rounds. But by the fourth round he was eighth and climbing steadily. By Saturday he was fourth, third, second, third again but still close to the leaders.

Lubanski, meanwhile, bowling powerfully, had taken an early lead and held it for nine rounds. At one point he, Tom Hennessy and Pete Carter (no relation to Don), all members of the Stroh team, were one-two-three in the standings. Lubanski went into the final Nagy match with a Petersen point edge of 288-14 to 284-31. This meant that Nagy had to win all four games, or take three by tremendous margins. The odds against him were tremendous. They became astronomical when Lubanski piled in three strikes in a row during the first game to take a wide lead. But as Nagy chopped down the lead, Lubanski appeared to tighten. Finally, in the last frame, he needed only a spare to win. Instead of rolling his normal strong hook, the young Detroit pushed the ball toward the head pin. He was left with a wide split—pins on each side of the lane—and lost the game 159-190.

A CARDINAL RULE

The pressure mounted. Lubanski, sometimes chewing on a long cigar, sometimes puffing a cloud of black smoke, wanted badly to win. A former minor league pitcher, he had been eking out a bare existence for his blonde wife Betty and their two baby daughters. Working as a merchandise display man for Stroh was better than playing for Muskogee, Okla. but it was nothing compared with being U.S. Champion. The electric tension made Lubanski

forget a cardinal rule, however: in bowling, one's only opponent is the triangular formation of pins on the alley. Because he let Nagy's score worry him, instead of concentrating on his own, Lubanski helped defeat himself, rolling 7-10 splits, missing easy spares. Nagy poured it on during the last three games, suited away the title with his ninth-frame strike in the final game.

Nagy, who will be champion at least until the All-Star next year, was born in a small Pennsylvania mining town which no longer is on the map and has lived in Cleveland since he was eight. His father was caretaker of a small cafe which included three alleys. The alleys were both bowled and danced on, depending upon the patrons' mood. By the time he was 11, Steve was doubling as pin boy and haas viol player. Today he is not only a champion bowler but the leader of a three-piece band which has entertained most of Cleveland and a large section of the bowling world. He is co-owner of the Twenty Grand Lanes and of Steve Nagy Bowling Enterprises, Inc., an equipment firm. With Cleveland's Johnny Klarens, Nagy holds the all-time ABC doubles record and for years has been on the advisory staff of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., bowling's largest manufacturer and supplier.

Black-haired, flashing-eyed Miss Wene, who owns a grocery store and sizable real estate in Philadelphia, may be champion for a long time now that Marion Ladewig has left the scene. She started her rise to the top five years ago, under the tutelage of veteran Ben Rose. Like Nagy, she divides her feelings between bowling and music (she is a fine piano-accompanist) and rolls an incredibly strong ball for a girl her size.

Unlike showman Nagy, who dances at the foul line and sometimes, in his excitement, leaps over racks to put "English" on a ball that already has left his hands, Sylvia is a quiet performer. She rolls, watches the ball, then returns to her seat. She averaged 193 for the 32-game finals, far lower than any of Mrs. Ladewig's previous marks or, for that matter, her own when she finished second to Marion Ladewig in 1951 and 1954. The latter made a desperate attempt at victory, climbing from fifth place on Friday night to second by Saturday afternoon. But she could rise no higher, and in the final two-game series of the tournament she dropped to third behind Miss Wene and Sylvia Fanta, a 47-year-old Chicago housewife whose consistent high scores provided one of the big surprises of the contest.

A PERFECT GAME

The big thrill of the tournament, except for the Nagy and Wene victories, was provided by wily little Lou Campi, a mason of Dumont, N.J. At 49 the oldest participant, he recorded the fifth 300 game—12 strikes in a row—in All-Star history. The game followed other high scores, including a 258, to give him a high series of 975. Luckily for all the books written on bowling, however, Campi failed to finish higher than 16th. For all new bowlers are taught to slide with left foot forward when releasing the ball, but Lou, one of America's foremost bocchi rollers—an Italian form of bowling—releases the ball with his right foot forward. He learned to bowl that way in Italy, and he isn't changing his style now, thank you. Especially since this, his 15th perfect game. (CNR)

Perfect-game bowler Lou Campi examines his tender thumb after he scored the 300

HEAT TREATMENT is given to Steve Nagy's knee in bowler's room after the knee tightened up shortly after the Cleveland bowler went back to alleys for final match.



'THE MAN WHO LEADS WILL LOSE'

TWO GREAT MILERS TOOK TURNS BEATING EACH OTHER LAST WEEK. THEIR DUEL SET THE STAGE FOR A BRILLIANT TRACK SEASON

NOW that Roger Bannister and John Landy have retired, the two best milers in the world today are a lean, rosy Kansan named Wes Santee and a pink-skinned, flapping-haired Dane named Gunnar Nielsen, the two sweat-suited gentlemen at the left. They began a duel last Friday night at the Philadelphia *Inquirer* Games in such a way as to put track fans on notice that they were going to be treated to the best indoor season in years.

Nielsen had uncorked a blazing last-lap sprint the week before in Boston to win a 4:07.9 mile, and there was wonder if Santee, making his Eastern indoor debut, could cope with it. He could and did. He led at first, relinquished the lead to Nielsen at the half mile and then trailed him closely. A lap and a half from home he brought the crowd to its feet, roaring, by bolting past Nielsen. His furious sprint left the struggling Dane 10 yards behind at the finish. The time was 4:10.5.

"What happened?" Nielsen was asked later. It was not his kind of race, he said. Too slow. He did not like to have to lead.

The next night at the Washington *Star* Games it was different. There were pace setters. But they led the pack through the half mile in a disappointing 2:12.2. Santee would not move up, and Nielsen would not pass Santee. Finally, almost in desperation, Santee took the lead and tried to run Nielsen into the ground (the last half mile was run in a burning 1:57.3). But Nielsen loved it. He stayed with the pace, jumped Santee a half-lap from the finish, and outsprinted him to the tape. The time: 4:09.5.

Afterwards, a grumpy Santee complained about having to set the pace. "Put you out there like a sitting duck," he muttered. "Everybody taking pot shots at you."

Another runner explained. "You can't set pace and have enough sprint left to outkick a runner like Nielsen. It takes too much out of you."

Nielsen agreed. "I think the man who leads will lose," he said cheerfully. "Yes. If I lead next time, I will lose."

But this Saturday they race in Boston, and if little Fred Dwyer, who likes to set a driving pace, is entered, track fans will be looking for a new record.



IN PHILADELPHIA ON FRIDAY NIGHT Wes Santee won the mile. There was no pace setter, and Santee reluctantly accepted the lead. At the half-mile Nielsen, upset by the slowness of the race, passed Santee but ran even slower (3/4-mile time: 3:11.3). With 229 yards to go, Santee exploded past Nielsen, outsprinted him and beat him to the finish line by a 10-yard margin in 4:19.5.

IN WASHINGTON ON SATURDAY NIGHT Gunnar Nielsen won the mile. This time there was a pace setter, but the pace was miserably slow (first quarter: 68 sec.). Neither Nielsen nor Santee wanted to lead. Finally, at the half-mile (2:12.2), Santee took over and began to drive. Nielsen stuck with him, burst past on the last backstretch and raced home first by 15 yards in 4:09.5.





"TOPS IN SPORTS" banquet of Maryland Professional Baseball Players Association in Baltimore. Seated together (left to right): Gaffer Sammy Snyad, Yankee Catcher Yogi Berra and Giant Pinch Hitter Dusty Rhodes. Standing is Oriole Manager Paul Richards.



CONTRACT SIGNING at St. Louis brought grin from Cardinal Owner August A. Busch Jr. as he handed pens to \$50,000 employee Stan Musial (left), \$40,000 employee Red Schoendienst. Observers are Secretary Mary Murphy, General Manager Dick Meyer.



MOVING DAY came for the offices of the defunct Philadelphia Athletics. Roy Mack, Connie's oldest son, was on hand to check the effects of the deposed team. In Kansas City, workmen were busy renovating the stadium for newly born Kansas City A's.

WONDERFUL WORLD continued

HOT STOVE CIRCUIT

While other sports hogged the winter limelight, baseball stood impatiently in the wings, titillated the appetites of fans with basket-circuit and "pact unking" ceremonies and with reminders of past and present baseball heroes.



A REFUGEE from winter baseball in Puerto Rico, Giant Outfielder Wilno Mayo traded his bat for an Alabama rug stick.



UNEMPLOYED Joe DiMaggio, out of baseball three years, wistfully announced he would like front office job in California.

SOUNDTRACK

THE EDITORS NOTE A NEW SIGN OF SPRING, SOME PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS ON FOOTBALL IN THE ARKANSAS LEGISLATURE, AND THE PASSING OF A CAR THAT MADE PEOPLE SAY 'IT'S A DOOZY'

Sign of spring

ALONG with bulletins concerning groundhogs and northering robins, baseball-contract pictures such as that of the beaming St. Louis Cardinals on the opposite page have long been infallible signs of spring. Latterly a new vernal index has been developing in Milwaukee: the announcement of advance ticket sales for Milwaukee Braves home games. Last week, on schedule, came the news: baseball-happy Milwaukeeans have already ordered tickets amounting to 800,000 paid admissions—more than the Cubs, Phillies, Redlegs, Pirates, Athletics or Senators were able to attract all last season.

Down in Arkansas

THERE was a furious buzzing of anger and criticism through much of the South recently, and indeed through much of the country, when Football Coach Bowden Wyatt broke his contract with the University of Arkansas in order to become head coach at the more highly esteemed (football-wise) University of Tennessee. Wyatt had had a fabulously successful year at Arkansas, guiding a team that many thought would finish last in the Southwest Conference (and which actually did finish last statistically in defense and offense) to the Southwest Conference championship and into the Cotton Bowl. His followers in Arkansas showed their appreciation of Wyatt's coaching ability by raising \$30,000 for him and his assistants and by giving him a new Cadillac. The university altered his five-year contract with the necessary approval of the Arkansas legislature, and raised his salary from \$12,000 to \$15,000. Shortly thereafter, despite raise, contract, Cadillac and several stout denials, Wyatt left Arkansas and went to Tennessee, just as he had, two years earlier, left a 10-year contract at the University of Wyoming to go to Arkansas.

There was instant criticism of his act in many quarters, though others condoned it. Arkansas itself, with certain notable exceptions ("I hope his Cadillac breaks down before he gets

across the Arkansas line"), was not as critical generally as other states where a sense of outraged justice was perhaps more acute.

Nevertheless, disapproval of Wyatt's contract breaking was widespread, and when Jack Mitchell, brilliant young coach at the University of Wichita, quit his contract (a 10-year one, newly granted) and took his new car (a Buick—Wichita is not so large a school as Arkansas) and left to take over Wyatt's post at Arkansas, the criticism grew. College coaches in general, with Wyatt and Mitchell serving as the particulars, were belabored in speech and print for their seemingly carefree attitude toward written contracts. In Kansas, Wichita's President Harry Corbin said, "I am thoroughly disappointed. I feel a little naive." In Little Rock, capital of Arkansas, the Arkansas state senate introduced to them Senate Resolution No. 1, which was intended as official criticism and censure of Wyatt "for his act of faithlessness, disloyalty and lack of consideration for the people of Arkansas."

At this point the whole affair began to resemble a particularly preposterous *opéra bouffe*, what with college presidents and state legislatures involved so emotionally in football

matters. People seeing the name "Arkansas" in connection with the farce recalled that this, after all, was Bazooka Bob Burns's state, that the storied Ozarks, home of comic strip hero Snuffy Smith, were in Arkansas, that a famous old joke book was entitled *On a Slow Train Through Arkansas*.

But Arkansas promptly rallied around and capably demonstrated that there are, despite all the old and limping jokes, people in Arkansas who do not play the bazooka, talk like Snuffy Smith or act like back-country bumpkins. John Tyler Caldwell, president of the University of Arkansas, made this thoughtful and provocative observation on Wyatt's abrupt rejection of his contract:

"It is unfortunate that any contract can be treated as a one-way application. It is true, however, that the making of contracts with football coaches developed as a protection of the coach against the oftentimes extreme demands of fans and supporters. Realistically, such contracts did not come into being as a protection to the institutions and have never been so respected."

The Arkansas legislature then effectively bottled up the censure resolution in committee and counteracted its effect by passing other resolutions publicly praising Bowden Wyatt and his team and pledging support to the new coach. A day or two later, in a somewhat more serious mood, the Arkansas House adopted House Resolution No. 6, which pointed out that "In recent years the original purposes of the University of Arkansas have been de-emphasized in the favor of certain manly arts directed to the glorification of brawn and subtle mayhem" and extended to the faculty of the university "sincere congratulations for having been able to conduct classes, confer degrees and maintain some semblance of academic purity in the face of competition for the aforementioned manly arts; and the faculty further be commended for its attempts to adhere to the original purposes for which the university was founded in the face of astounding disparity of salaries between academic and athletic staffs."

continued on next page

END OF A
TELEVISED FIGHT

For ten hard rounds they've slugged
and punched,
With mayhem as their mission.
And all the while I've drunk and
nunched,
And I'm in worse condition.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Arkansas was back in business, Bowden Wyatt forgotten, football coaches' contracts properly evaluated; football itself put in its proper place, and the people of the state once again as perky, cocky and alert as Arkansas' symbol, the fast-moving, far-ranging razor-back hog.

Catfish war

THE humpbacked blue catfish is the subject of more tall tales in Texas than cattle stampedes or Houston millionaires and last week the old humpback was threatening to set off a new war between the states—the states of Tennessee and Texas, that is.

By a coincidence that could only happen where fishermen are involved, the main skirmishes of the war are being fought in the counties of Hardin—Hardin County, Tenn., and Hardin County, Texas.

In Hardin County, Tenn. the immediate occasion of conflict occurred when the prize money in a catfish contest, held just below Pickwick Dam at the Tennessee town of Savannah, was raised to \$150. That was all right, but then it was announced that what the Hardin County Boosters club, one of the prize donors, was really after was a catfish weighing at least 100 pounds.

WANTED dead or alive



This would he went, said the Boosters, to L. G. McLean, a former Tennessean now in charge of the Fort Worth Botanical Gardens. Mr. McLean plans to exhibit it in a new aquarium and put a sign up over the tank reading: "Larger than anything Texas can grow."

Well, sir, these were fighting words in Texas and J. Cullen Browning, editor of the *Orange Leader*, fired the first shot for the Lone Star fisherman. The first thing Mr. Browning called for was a definition of terms.

"When you say catfish," he said, "what do you mean by catfish? Yellow catfish? Bluecats, we catch yellow cats every day of the week, mostly 100 pounds, sometimes up to 120. We consider the yellow cats to be pure here in Texas. They don't put up a fight that amounts to much."

"But now if you're talking about the big humpbacked blue cats, why that's something else again. It almost takes two men to land one of those big old blues from the Sabine River. Two Texans. I don't know how many Tennesseans the job would require."

Mr. Browning described the humpbacked blue catfish as being the color of brand-new overalls. "Carries a hump the size of a bison's," he said, "runs to

six feet in length and packs 100 pounds of pure muscular dynamite." Then Mr. Browning carelessly tossed out the news that just the other day Albert Foddard from down-the-river Beaumont had landed one of the big blue cats. Required the help of another Texan. When the two men had driven the fish to town and hauled him weighed, the beast tipped the scales at 94 pounds. Says Mr. Browning:

"We know he weighed at least 100 pounds to begin with. Drying out on the way to town, he lost a lot of weight. These cats shrink pretty fast. But even so, coming the same week all this fuss started in Tennessee, we feel the honor of Texas has been upheld."

Mr. Browning thought a minute and then added the clincher:

"Down here in Texas, when we catch a big fish we don't ship him off to a zoo. We eat him."

Grandpa's hot rod

INTEREST IN sports cars is at a new peak these days but it is just as well for the pride of many a modern hot-rodder that he never has seen a Duesenberg perform. The Duesenberg was the greatest American sports car and our greatest luxury car. It was the car a man bought when he felt too rich to be seen in a Cadillac. But the last of the Big Ds was built in 1937.

Ten years later Augie Duesenberg thought for a while of hand-building some more of his famous Model Js (to sell at \$25,000) but there wasn't much interest in the idea and he went back to his farm at Cambry, Ind. There, while the sports car fever rose, Augie raised turkeys and, once in a while, tinkered with an automobile engine. He died last week and all around the country people remembered him and his older brother Fred, killed 23 years ago in a highway accident, and the days when Dusenbergs were winning the Indianapolis 500 and the Grand Prix at Le Mans. The latter victory was in 1921, the only time an American-built car ever has won a major European Grand Prix.

Augie was the obscure member of the Duesenberg fraternity, perhaps because his family followed the German tradition that the eldest son shall be the boss, perhaps because he preferred to live with his head bent

over an engine, his elbows deep in its vitals. But, for all that Fred was famous, Augie, working quietly in the factory, was indispensable.

The brothers were born in Germany (Augie in 1879 and christened August) and came to this country as boys. Their family settled on an Iowa farm, but when the brothers were old enough to work they opened a bicycle shop in Rockford, Iowa. They went from bikes to motorcycles and then, in 1904, entered the automobile field in Des Moines, where they built the Mason automobile. Ten years later they had their first racing car finish in the Indianapolis 500. It placed 10th. Driver: Eddie Rickenbacker.

Thereafter, for a score of years, Dusenbergs starred at Indianapolis. Seven of the first 10 places in 1922 were taken by Dusenbergs. Pete de Paolo was driving a Duesenberg when, in 1925, he roared around the brick oval at 101.13 mph and thus, before the biggest crowd (145,000) ever to attend an American sporting event, surpassed the 100 mph mark for the first time at Indianapolis. Next day a *New York Times* editorial writer, presumably unaware of what was being reported on the sports page, sniffed: "It was expected that the automobile would eliminate the horse, but the price of horseflesh is higher than ever."

The price of a Duesenberg was even higher. Fred and Augie were interested solely in quality, not at all in pricing for a mass market, very little in making money. Fred turned down a \$30,000 salary offered him by a big automobile manufacturer, though it was triple what he earned in his own company. The Dusenbergs had an amateur spirit toward their work. They just wanted to build the best cars possible. They were the first to put four-wheel hydraulic brakes on a car and if they had bothered to patent the device they would have earned a fortune. But the Dusenbergs seldom patented anything and are reported to have given their friendly competitor, the Stutz company, the blueprints for their 32-valve, double-overhead camshaft head. This un-Macy-Gumbel gesture resulted in the Stutz DV-32.

A Model J Duesenberg cost \$8,500 for the chassis alone. Its engine gave 265 hp with two carburetors and one of them, with compression ratio raised to 8 to 1, is reported to have delivered 390 horse. Long and husky, the chassis was the delight of coachmakers, who put their finest effort into turning out bodies worthy of the Duesenberg engine. Kings and movie queens and Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York rode in elegant Dusenbergs.

Then along came the Model SJ, regarded as the finest automobile ever made in America. It had the luxury of the Rolls Royce and the speed of a racing car. The SJ would do better than



DUSENBERG SJ RACED 100 IN 37 SECONDS

160 mph in second gear, hit 130 in high and reach 100 in 17 seconds. Chassis price: \$11,750. Clark Gable bought one and so did Gary Cooper.

But between 1921 and 1937 only 650 Duesenbergs (Models A, J and SJ) were sold. The Auburn-Cord company had taken over the Duesenberg operation in 1926, keeping the brothers, of course. Sales were slow, even in 1929. The depression years were too much.

This week, Tommy Milton, winner of the Indianapolis race in 1921 and 1923 and a driver for the Duesenbergs in many a race, paid tribute to his friend of 49 years:

"There never would have been a Duesenberg without Augie."

Without Augie there will never be another. A few Duesenbergs survive here and there, cherished by their owners, and surviving also is a piece of dated slang, still used to express the ultimate in admiration. When someone says "It's a doozy," he may well be harking back to the helmed "Duesies" which once raced the speedways and graced the boulevards.

Calypso without words

Serviceless card games seldom are invented out of hand or are even traceable to their source. Instead, they evolve shyly in obscure corners of civilization—savages do not play bridge—and then attain sudden popularity for reasons beyond the powers of sociology to discover.

Thus it was with poker, which seems to have originated among early French settlers of Louisiana. These pioneers combined a game of their own, *poque*, with another game, *no-nox*, taught them by Persian sailors. Mississippi river boatmen carried the game upstream and mispronounced *poque*.

The only synthetically invented game to make any impression in this country was five hundred, deliberately created in 1904 for the United States Playing Card Company. It had its day, which waned, though there are those who say that it still is played in and around Cincinnati.

A few years ago, just as the gin rummy madness was passing the crisis of its fevered career, a South American game called *canasta* slipped past quarantine and cluttered the card tables of a million homes—maybe more. It required the purchase of two decks and the card manufacturers loved it. It was followed by *samba*, which needed three decks, and the card manufacturers were prepared to love *samba* even more, except that it just didn't attract *canasta's* large following. There came a lull, during which most people went back to one-deck games like poker, bridge and pinochle.

Since late last summer, however, there has been a groundswell of excitement among playing card men. In

England people have been playing a really new card game, deliberately invented, a pastime called calypso, which uses four decks. Two months after it was introduced into England last September, 30,000 calypsosets—four decks to a set, remember—were sold, marking the end of austerity in Britain. Just as remarkable, during the two weeks before it was officially introduced in this country, American playing card manufacturers had received orders from retail outlets for close to 100,000 sets.

The transatlantic introduction was made this month at the River Club in New York. There were calypso singers and a brief, informative lecture on the game by its obstetrician, Kenneth W. Konstant, star of the world champion English bridge team (SI, Jan. 24).

Calypso was invented out of the head of R. W. Willis, an executive of British Overseas Airways Corporation stationed in Trinidad, and was developed, revised and refined by Konstant, who is General Manager of Thomas De La Rue & Company, Ltd., a London firm which prints playing cards, postage stamps and bank notes, all of which, he points out, require the very highest standards of printing. A poorly printed playing card might as well be marked.

Konstant has represented England at international bridge contests since 1937. He is also a golfer, good enough so that he got into the final 16 of the British amateur in 1936, and has played

court tennis, squash and cricket as well. His large, athletically developed hands are fine for shuffling four decks of cards at once, but he doesn't think most people will have trouble with this phase of calypso.

"You can shuffle a set in sections and then mix the sections," he said confidently.

As for the game itself, Konstant believes it offers advantages in being a trick-taking game and a partnership game, like bridge, though there are variations for two and three players. Each player has his own personal trump, different from his partner's, and may take tricks against an opponent's lead either by playing a higher card of the same suit or by trumping. Object of the game is to make calypsos, which are sequences from the ace down to the deuce. The first calypso counts 500 points, the second 750 and any made thereafter count 1,000.

"Anyone can learn the game in five minutes," Konstant says.

An unrelenting promotion program has been set in motion to put the game across. Konstant will make appearances in St. Louis stores and is going to Miami to play bridge and push calypso. There will be a calypso cocktail (two drinks and you lose your meter). Calypso music will be plugged on radio and TV and, in fact, there has already come up from the Caribbean a calypso song about calypso. "I Love Calypso," it's called.



"I'm awfully sorry, Honey."

A NATIONWIDE LOOK AT BOXING'S STRAW BOSSES

The IBC sets the tone for boxing in the larger cities except—perhaps—San Francisco.

Boston has Valenti and violence, Detroit offers Piazza and Finazzo, Philadelphia

by **ROBERT COUGHLAN**

has Blinky and Muggsy, and Los Angeles has Babe, who isn't even the real McCoy

DURING HIS TRIAL some years ago on a charge of receiving stolen goods, Babe McCoy, Los Angeles' leading matchmaker, was asked by the prosecutor whether his license as a matchmaker was dependent on his "good conduct and good behavior and honest dealing."

"Not necessarily," McCoy answered. Thrown a bit off balance by this unexpected candor, the prosecutor persisted, "They wouldn't give you a license if they thought you were dishonest or associating with thugs or persons of that kind, would they?"

"Oh," McCoy reassured him, "they make no questions about that."

Although McCoy was acquitted, this little colloquy sums up a good deal about the boxing business in the U.S. these days. In two preceding articles in this series, we have examined the International Boxing Club and its president, James D. Norris, and the underworld boxing syndicate headed by killer

Frank Carbo and seen how they work together. We have also, through some typical examples, seen how this combine operates to freeze out independent managers. Soon after he took office, New York's recent athletic commission Chairman Robert Christenberry wrote that these "... Two serious problems, gangster influence and the threat of monopoly control, have combined to produce ... the gravest crisis in [boxing's] history."

However, Christenberry did little or nothing to improve the situation during his term as chairman. As to why he failed, there are many apocryphal and probably untrue stories. A concrete reason, which may in fact be the overriding one, was offered recently by a minor New York boxing promoter: "Norris has got the New York commission where it hurts. They get smart with him, all he has to do is threaten to take his fights to Idaho or some crummy joint like that."

Of course, it would not be quite so simple. Despite TV, New York is boxing's capital for good economic reasons, and in the long run even Norris could not avoid them. Accordingly, to clean up the sport in New York would be to go far toward cleaning it up generally. On the other hand, it is perfectly obvious that boxing, whether or not it is "interstate commerce" within the meaning of the antitrust law, is a national activity. No state commission can supervise it. Although boxing's friends should wish New York's new Chairman Helfand courage and luck, the fact remains that the rehabilitation of the sport is a national problem.

To find out just how much of a problem it is, SI's correspondents in all parts of the country have been investigating the boxing business in their own localities. What follows here is a summary of their reports. By and large, and with exceptions, as we shall see, the high aroma of boxing diminishes in proportion to the distance between these localities and the Norris-Carbo operations base in New York. Proceeding, then, from New York, we shall look at boxing's major centers—Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, Chicago and Los Angeles, beginning with:

PHILADELPHIA

Back in the 1920s a man named Harry Stromberg (alias Nig Rosen) headed one of the East's more successful bootlegging operations. Today Stromberg is known as the racket boss of Philadelphia although he lives in New York City and runs hisief mostly through lieutenants. Among his good friends in Philadelphia are Herman (Muggsy) Taylor and Frank (Blinky) Palermo. Taylor is far and away the city's leading boxing promoter. And Palermo is Philadelphia's leading manager and, indeed, one of the most important managers in the U.S.

We had a view of Taylor in action in last week's article, in which Donald



THE PHILADELPHIA STORY stars Blinky Palermo (right), shown with Joe Coffey and Jimmy Singleton at their arraignment in 1950 on charges of "reckless use of firearms" in an alleged attempt to "discipline" a smalltime numbers operator.



BABE MCCOY is Los Angeles matchmaker. His name originally was Harry Rudolph.



NIG ROSEN, whose real name is Harry Sternberg, runs the Philadelphia rackets.



MUGGSY TAYLOR (first name: Herman) is the Philadelphia promoter for the IBC.

Rettman, former manager of middleweight George Johnson, told how Taylor had taken Johnson away from him. Taylor, who testified before the Kefauver Committee that he had never been arrested, has testified also that he knows Frank Carho "very well" and has been acquainted with such other scoundrels as Al Capone, Lucky Luciano, Frank Costello, Charlie Fischetti, Rocco Fischetti, Jake (Greasy Thumb) Guzik, Meyer Lansky, Little Augie Pisano, Mickey Cohen, Jimmy La Fontaine, Willie Weisberg, Longie Zwillman and Murray (The Camel) Humphreys. In 1930, when Al Capone was released from a year in a Philadelphia jail on a gun-toting charge, it was friend Muggsy who went to North Philadelphia Station and "saw him on his way home to Chicago," he testified. Taylor's position in local boxing approximates Norris' in New York: local fighters and managers get no place without his approval, and promising new fighters usually end up, one way or another, under his control or that of people allied with him. He has local autonomy in his area and is not officially connected with the IBC, but is tied in to the Norris empire through tacit understandings and to the Carho syndicate through mutual underworld friends. IBC fights in Philadelphia are always under the banner of "The International Boxing Club, James D. Norris, president, and Herman Taylor president."

Taylor's old friend Blinky, a business associate also of Norris and Frank Carho, is a very wicked, very ugly, squat little man with such a good eye for fighters that at one time he could

boast, "I got 'em surrounded. I got the merchandise and Norris has got to buy." This was 1952, when Blinky's "merchandise" included former Lightweight Champion Ike Williams, Cole Wallace, Clarence Henry, Dan Buecceroni and Johnny Saxton, all prominent main-eventers. Williams and Henry are used up now but in Johnny Saxton he has the current welterweight champion.

Blinky, however, is a man of parts. Boxing is only one interest, another being the numbers racket. We first get a look at his methods as a numbers operator in 1946, when a misguided young rival racketeer named Sherman Lucas—according to Lucas' later testimony before a Philadelphia grand jury—was taken for a "ride" for cutting in on Blinky's territory. Lucas was driving home one evening, accompanied by two friends, when two strange cars trailed him and blocked his escape. Three men jumped out of one car, according to Columnist Earl Selby's Philadelphia *Balloon* account, and "... His two friends were pulled out, backed up against a house wall and, with guns jammed in their nostrils, told to shut up. ... Lucas was shoved away from the driver's seat and one of the three got behind the wheel. ... Lucas once grabbed the wheel and tried to wreck the car. Shouting, 'You dirty

We'll get you for that,' the man in the back clipped Lucas on the head with a blackjack. ... 'Get out of the car,' he was told. He waited for the driver to step out, then followed. But as he did, Lucas suddenly swung a round-house punch to the man's stomach. The man's pistol dropped to the pavement;

so did he. Lucas jumped over the writhing abductor and ran off into the flatlands; the darkness which the thugs had expected to cover their work now turned to his advantage. He remembers hearing two or three shots and abruptly dropped to the cold ground. For several minutes he didn't dare to move; then there was a sudden roar of fire behind him and he heard a car speed away. He turned to see his car in flames. The assailants had fled in one of the other cars. ..."

Lucas, according to his testimony, did not know the men, but through the underworld found out that they were Blinky and two associates named Jimmy Singleton and Joe Coffey. A "peace" meeting was arranged. Selby's story continues: "On the designated night, Lucas recalled, a Packard coupé drew up in front, Singleton and Palermo got out, and came into the apartment. ... Blinky, says Lucas, opened the conversation by saying they were 'sorry' for the violence. He explained, according to Lucas, that the boys had only intended to 'frighten' him so he wouldn't continue pulling numbers bets from their territory."

Lucas later ended in the state penitentiary for burglary. Blinky went on to become (local police believe) one of the city's biggest numbers operators. In 1950 we find him charged with disciplining a smalltime operator named Nicholas Marcus, who had objected when Blinky failed to pay off on a winning number. According to a United Press report, "Marcus said he was taken in Palermo's car and was beaten and warned to 'keep his mouth shut.'"

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HOT ROD AND THE BEST



CROUCHING LOW, HOT ROD PREPARES TO PASS BALL PAST TWO NYU GUARDS IN JAN. 4 GAME. NYU WON ON LAST-SECOND FOUL SHOT

The next four pages show some of the best college basketball players in the country. But Hot Rod Hundley's fans claim he's the best of all

by ROY McHUGH

THE College of William and Mary basketball team was going no place last season. Then one day in January its members stepped into the field house at West Virginia University an hour before game time and found a crowd of 6,100—as large as the field house would hold—packed tight and screaming. The William and Mary boys gleefully repaired to the locker room and got ready for fame, which would follow immediately after the preliminary game involving the West Virginia freshmen.

Their great day never came. As they emerged from the locker room the West Virginia varsity also walked out on the floor—and the crowd walked out of the building. Warm-up was accompanied by a steady march of the customers for the exits. The William and Mary players looked at each other in bewilderment, but down court the West Virginia varsity, an equally ordinary team, was neither mystified, disturbed nor distracted. When Hot Rod Hundley turned out for freshman basketball the varsity had to get used to the comings and goings—mostly goings—of West Virginians.

Hundley is a sophomore now and attendance habits in the hills around Morgantown are respectable again. West Virginia may not have the team of former years but it has, unquestionably, the most colorful and controversial college player in the country. What is questionable about Hot Rod is whether he is the best.

There are a few extremists around West Virginia who are already calling Hundley the greatest basketball player who ever lived. Others, less carried away, merely call him the best they have seen. Lou Eisenstein, an NBA referee who watched some of Hundley's freshman games, was of the opinion even then that he could make any professional team in the country.

Hundley's less rapturous critics—and he does have less rapturous critics—fault him on two counts. They detect a laxity in his attitude toward defensive play, and they look with definite, un concealed misgiving on an almost irresistible urge Hundley has to show off. This last is too much for one leading coach who confesses, "Thank God I don't have to handle him."

Hundley's showmanship is probably

incurable. As a schoolboy he picked out two idols, Goose Tatum of the Harlem Globetrotters and Bob Cousy of the Boston Celtics. Most of the year around he worked at acquiring Tatum's genius for deceptive ball handling and some of Cousy's competitive guile. The results haven't always been successful. With the freshmen last year Hundley was often so tricky that his own teammates couldn't stay with him. A man who had gotten himself into the clear without realizing it was liable to be smacked in the head by a pass from Hundley, who most likely was looking the other way, busily occupied faking two other men out of position at the time he let the ball go.

There were other drawbacks, too. Everybody on the freshman and varsity teams began to imitate Hot Rod and it got so that the players were more interested in throwing passes behind their backs and dribbling with their knees than they were in shooting. The knee dribbling fortunately ended when an official in one game decided the maneuver was illegal, but West Virginia is still rife with almost-good

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RON SHAVLIK—NORTH CAROLINA STATE
20, 6' 7", center



ED FLEMING—NIAGARA
21, 6' 3", center



TOM GOLA—LA SALLE
21, 6' 7½", center



DICK RICKETTS—DUQUESNE
20, 6' 7½", center



TOM HEINSDOHN—HOLY CROSS
20, 6' 6", center



DON SCHLUNDT—INDIANA
21, 6' 10", center



BOB McKEEN—CALIFORNIA
21, 6' 7", center



JOHNNY HORAN—DAYTON
22, 6' 8", forward



ED CONLIN—FORDHAM
21, 6' 5", center



CLEO LITTLETON—WICHITA
21, 6' 3½", forward

behind-the-back passers, and as everybody knows, there is nothing quite so terrible as a man who hasn't quite mastered the technique.

West Virginia's new basketball coach, Fred Schaus, insists though that the faults are all things that can be corrected in time. Hundley has been playing on a bad knee that was operated on at the beginning of this season and the one thing he hasn't been able to do effectively is guard. Schaus, a fine defensive man himself for five years in the NBA with Ft. Wayne and New York, thinks that when Hundley has recovered he will be as good as any defensively.

Offensively, what the fans see in Hundley is a man who can do practically everything. Most players who specialize in ball handling are indifferent scorers. Hundley as a freshman averaged 35 points a game, and in six games he didn't even try to score. Against varsity competition he is averaging 22.4 points a game.

THE PERFECTIONIST

Through long hours of practice in empty gymnasiums, Hot Rod has mastered a full, ambidextrous repertory—jump, set, hook shots and even a few indescribable shots in which he changes the ball from one hand to the other, this with appropriate feints, after launching himself into the air.

But it is Hundley's fancy ball handling that gets the crowds. Against the Pittsburgh freshmen last year Hot Rod did nothing in the opening minutes and the crowd, force fed on large helpings of advance publicity, began to ride him. Suddenly Hundley, apparently well guarded, shot a pass from behind his back to a West Virginia player breaking for the basket half the length of the court away. He scored. A few seconds later Hundley again had the ball. Bouncing it twice behind his back—left hand to right and vice-versa—he swept past a thoroughly fooled opponent, took off in a broad-jumper's leap, carried the ball twice around his body and fed a pass from behind his left ear.

One of Hot Rod's favorite tricks is to offer the ball to an opponent in his extended right hand and then, with a flick of the wrist, make it vanish behind his back, catching it there in his left hand. Sometimes he stands out of bounds with his back to the court and flips a pass to a teammate he can't possibly see. This year in West Virginia's upset over Richmond, Hundley began to freeze the ball in the final minutes.

Three Richmond players went after him. To hold on to the ball, he rolled it over his shoulders and passed it back and forth between his hands behind his back. With the gun about to go off he tossed the ball 40 feet in the air and with a triumphant smile walked off.

For all his sardonic on court, Rodney Clark Hundley (his nickname came naturally) is anything but settled in his non-athletic life, a fact that has caused some critics to prophesy that he will blow up long before he ever becomes the great player he should. At 20 he stands 6 feet 4 inches, weighs 185 pounds, smiles easily, wears his hair in a short cropped crew cut and looks every bit the ordinary basketball player. But the similarity ends there. Twice in two years, both in September, Hot Rod has simply disappeared from the West Virginia campus. The first time he went to Charleston to enroll in Morris Harvey College but returned in 24 hours. "A land of a mood" is the only explanation he has ever given.

This fall, two days after school started, Hot Rod took off for Philadelphia to land a job with the professional Warriors. The NBA has a rule against signing college players before graduation but the Warrior's owner Eddie Gottlieb offered Hundley a chance with his other Philadelphia team, the Sphas, a second-rate barnstorming outfit. Hundley returned to Morgantown. He was away for 10 days, and only the fact that he had not officially withdrawn from the university made it possible for West Virginia to re-admit him.

One of Hundley's troubles is education. He agrees that it's necessary but

isn't convinced it is for him. As a boy Hot Rod lived with friends of his family, his parents having been divorced, and the minimum requirements were enough for him. In his freshman year, Hot Rod cut classes with a nonchalance that bespoke utter indifference. He failed, naturally enough, and had to take five and a half hours' work a day, Saturdays and Sundays excluded, with no excused absences for 12 sultry weeks this summer. He passed, but it may have been that experience that drove him to Philadelphia.

Hot Rod was an all-state player three straight years in high school in Charleston. From one coast to the other, 48 colleges and universities took part in the bidding for his services. He chose North Carolina State because it was the "best basketball school in the country." But the NCAA ruled that State had given Hundley an illegal try-out and prohibited him from ever playing there. High-powered salesmanship subsequently drew him to West Virginia, where he gets a full athletic scholarship—room, board, tuition, books, fees and \$15 a month for laundry.

Temperamental, often capricious and plagued perhaps, by a feeling of insecurity, Hot Rod seems to get his real release in basketball. Once he's on the court he is the soul of confidence.

"What's the field house record for points?" he asked before a game with the Ohio University freshmen last year.

"Fifty points," said the student manager.

"Well, if that's all it is," replied Hot Rod, "I think I'll break it."

He scored 62.

(END)



A NERVOUS BENCHWARMER. Hundley shows the strain of idleness as he huddles beside Coach Fred Schaus during NYU game, knee wrapped in special supporting brace.



LEATHER-COATED CHAMPIONS BORISOV AND BOGDANOV (LEFT) POSE AT CARACAS WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF RUSSIA'S TEAM

HOW RUSSIA OUTSHOOTS US

by **PAUL R. WALKER**

The recent International Shooting Union matches at Caracas, Venezuela, proved again that U.S. shooters had better get up off their heels

IN a memorable article last Oct. 25, SI warned that Russia is threatening American supremacy in track and field events to the point where she might outclass the U.S. team in the 1956 Olympics. It is time to call attention to the fact that the Russians have already won world leadership in another sports field no less important, in the opinion of a great many sportsmen, than the track and field athletics which we hold so dear. Last fall, in the 36th world championships of the International Shooting Union at Caracas, Venezuela, Soviet shooters proved that they were the best in the world with a rifle, and possibly the best with a pistol as well.

The ISU holds its championships every two years. In Europe they are considered more important than the Olympics. If it is prestige the Russians are after, they got it at Caracas. We sent our best shots there, and we were outclassed by the Soviet team. And, in lesser degree, so was everyone else. It is true that with two or three exceptions the matches were quite different from those commonly shot in the U.S. But they were the kind of matches that determine world, as well as Olympic, championships.

For example, the most important rifle match in the world is shot at 300 meters—328 yards. The course of fire is more than 80 years old. It calls for

40 shots standing, 40 kneeling and 40 prone. The 120 shots must be fired in six and a half hours. Like the other ISU matches it is both an individual and a team match.

BOGDANOV AND BORISOV

Until the Russians took over at Caracas, the world record for this famous course was 1,124. Anatoli Bogdanov, the highest scorer at the 1952 Olympics, shot 1,133 at the ISU meet, breaking the 17-year-old record by nine points. His teammate, Vassily Borisov, who is always close behind him, shot 1,132. Every one of Russia's five-man team shot a higher score than has ever been shot in competition by a citizen

of the U.S. Our team took fifth place, behind the Russians, the Swiss, the Swedes and the Finns.

The guns used in the 300-meter course are called "free" rifles because there is so little restriction on them. The rifle must not weigh more than 19 pounds and the cartridge must not use a bullet larger than nine millimeters (.35 caliber) in diameter. As a practical matter these restrictions are meaningless, since no one wants a rifle heavier or of larger caliber than the rules permit. The only restriction that matters is the one requiring iron sights; the telescopic sight is not permitted.

The kind of rifle developed under these rules is strange to most American rifle shooters and is not made in this country. So far no American arms company makes a rifle barrel heavy enough for 300-meter shooting. Four members of our five-man team at Caracas—August Westergaard, Robert Sandager, Verle Wright and Allan Luke—shot rifles imported from Europe.

Perhaps the most striking feature of a free rifle is the stock. This commonly has a steep pistol grip so the hand is close to the trigger, and a hole in the stock for the thumb. The pronged buttplate is adjustable up and down for the three different shooting positions. The trigger is very light. And most free rifles are fitted with a black webbing strap that is stretched from the front to the rear sight just above the barrel. This is to deflect heat waves rising from a hot barrel so they will not interfere with the shooter's picture of his front sight and the bull's-eye.

Another match, common to the ISU championships and the Olympics, is similar to the 300-meter match except that it is shot at 50 meters with .22 rifles on a reduced target. Like the 300-meter match it calls for 40 shots standing, kneeling and prone. The rifles are of the same general design as those made for 300-meter shooting although they run a little lighter—13 or 14 pounds instead of 16 or 17.

Once more Bogdanov was the win-

ner with a world-record score. He shot 1,174—10 points higher than the old record. And once more Boribov was right behind him with a score of 1,172. Russia won the team match in this event. We took sixth place.

The particular American specialty is shooting .22 rifles in the prone position. The English Match at Caracas called for 30 shots prone at 50 meters and 30 shots prone at 100 meters. We won this match by one point over the Swedes. For once the Russians took third, with 2,370 against our 2,373. However, the highest individual score was not shot by a member of our team but by Gil Bos of Canada.

SLOW-FIRE AND RAPID-FIRE

Our pistol shooters did better than our rifle shooters at Caracas. The two most important matches shot under international rules are the slow-fire free pistol and the rapid-fire silhouette. Free pistols are as strange looking to most Americans as free rifles. They are not made in this country. A free pistol commonly has a stock built to fit the shooter's hand. One of the Russians had one that fitted around his hand so closely that he had to tug to get it out of the grip, like a man taking off a glove. The free pistol almost invariably has a "set" trigger. A lever on the outside of the action sets or cocks the trigger. It then requires little more than a breath to fire it. Some free-pistol triggers are set so fine that if the pistol is pointed straight up the mere weight of the trigger will fire the gun. The entire U.S. team shot free pistols made by Hemmerli of Lenzburg, Switzerland.

Our best free-pistol shot, Huelet Benner, won with a score of 553. Torsten Ullman, who has been one of the world's great pistol shots for 20 years, shot a 552. A Russian also shot a 552 but was outranked by Ullman. The Russians won the team match.

It did seem likely that our team would win the center-fire pistol match. This was down our alley—something we know about. It seemed even more



STERN AND WATCHFUL, Russian Coach Ischaban sees team win pistol match.

likely when the Russians practiced openly with outmoded French Nagant revolvers, far inferior to our Colt and Smith & Wesson revolvers. They weren't doing too well either. Came the day of the match and the Russians appeared with Smith & Wesson K-38 target revolvers made in Springfield, Mass. and Winchester .38 Special ammunition made in New Haven, Conn. They did not win the individual honors. Torsten Ullman took first. Benner and McMillan of our team took second and third. But the Russians won the team match.

In the skeet match at Caracas—a type of shooting invented in this country and little known elsewhere—two American skeet shooters, C. Crites and K. Pendergrass, took first and second. On the other hand we are as much out of the running-deer match as Europeans are out of skeet. There is no such thing as a standard running-deer range in this country. No one who has not been to South America or England or Europe has ever seen one. The Norwegians are specially good on the running-deer target. Their team was first in the ISU matches at Oslo in 1952 and first in the Olympic matches at

continued on next page



INTERNATIONAL RAPID-FIRE PISTOLS HAVE COUNTERWEIGHTS UNDER THE BARREL AND A COMPENSATOR TO MINIMIZE MUZZLE JUMP



THE RUSSIAN WINNERS of the 100-meter running-deer match are acclaimed as Caracas amid saluting girls. The Russians made the most trips to the winners' pedestals.

SHOOTING *continued from page 27*

Helsinki. Their man Larson held the world record, but not any more; a Russian holds it since Caracas.

What does all this come down to? How do the Russians do it? The answer is now clear despite Russian censorship. The word has come back to many Europeans and a few Americans. The Russians intend to win the next Olympics and they probably will. They will do it because sports are subsidized by the Russian government.

The shooting story is the same as the story in every other sport. If a man does good shooting in his village he is moved up. If he does well where the competition is greater he is moved up again. As a result of this program the Russians have a pool of shooters generally estimated at 500 men.

The program is guided by experts. Some years ago the Russians sent men to every important shooting match in Europe. Their job was to observe the methods of shooting that paid off. They ended up with some ideas—good

ideas. It is not for nothing that every Russian rifle shot adopts the same positions in standing, kneeling and prone. There is no individual choice; the position considered best must be used. It is not for nothing that he wears a heavy leather coat winter or summer. The coat offers more protection against recoil at the shoulder and more protection to the elbows in the prone position than our light cotton jackets with elbow pads. The Russian wears his coat no matter how hot it is because he must always shoot in the same clothes, a sound rule. The Russian wears boots rather than shoes because they offer more support in the standing and kneeling positions. Finally, it is not for nothing that a Russian rifle shot gets full-time pay for working half time and shooting half time. The Europeans say that some of the Russians fire as many as 75,000 shots a year. The ammunition is free and so are the rifles.

Few of our shooters could take the time to fire 75,000 shots a year. And it might not do one of ours too much good if he did. Beyond a point, a shooter does not improve when practicing by himself; he needs the spur of shooting against men who are better than he is. The Russians provide the necessary competition year in and year out with the plain result that Bogdanov is 10 points better over the 300-meter course than he was when he won the Olympic championship in 1952. He is only 23 years old. With a man as good as Borisov pushing him he may go further.

The prize is worth shooting for.



THE AMERICAN SQUAD (seated, from left): R. Anthony; W. McMillan; Colonel C. Hay, USA, Adjutant; F. Parsons, Captain; Major General M. Edson, USMC (Ret.), Chief, U.S. Delegation; Major H. Thomas, USMC, Coach; H. Reeves; and P.

Roettlinger. Standing, from left: W. Wabsh; A. Jackson; R. Sandager; J. Foreman; J. Smith; W. McAuliffe; A. Westergaard; E. Franzen; J. Jagoda; O. Platon; A. Luke; H. Benner; T. Mitchell; V. Wright; J. Dodde; E. Swanson; A. Cook (missing).

When a Russian shooter comes home victorious he gets a vacation of three or four weeks in the Crimea with his wife and children.

Our shooters are not paid for shooting. They buy their own rifles and their own ammunition. And they are pretty much self-trained, with the result that even the best of them show faults that could be corrected if they shot under the direction of a good coach for a month. Frank Parsons was captain and coach of our team at Caracas, same as he was captain and coach of our team in the ISU matches at Oslo in 1952 and the Olympics a few weeks later. Parsons shot on American international teams years ago and is a long-time student of rifle shooting. He knows his business. But how can a coach ask a man to make a change in his way of shooting only a week before a big match? A week is all Parsons had with our Caracas shooters.

WHY ARE THEY BETTER?

It isn't only the Russians who beat us. The Swiss, the Swedes, the Finns and sometimes the Norwegians beat us. Their countries have only a fraction of our population. They do not subsidize their shooters. Why are they better than we are?

For one thing, they are better because, relative to their population, they have so many more proper places to shoot. Where does a resident of New York or Chicago or San Francisco go to shoot? Buenos Aires has a magnificent range inside the city limits. Caracas has a fine range within easy distance. Oslo, Stockholm, Zurich, Helsinki and many other European cities have ranges close at hand. Relatively speaking, our rifle shooters are poor relations.

Europeans do not share our quaint notion that a man can't shoot unless he is belly to the ground and making a tripod rest of his elbows and body. They think a man who can't shoot a rifle kneeling and standing doesn't know what a rifle is about.

Our rifle shooting, except for indoors and in the armed services, has been dominated for years by men who will not fire a shot in competition from any position except prone. They are good at their game though they have frequently failed to prove themselves better than the men of other countries. They are not good at anything else.

The scores at Caracas, like the scores at the last Olympics, tell a story. The story is: "We can't shoot." The reason is that so many of our shooters are boys who don't want to grow up. (END)



"Careful, Don't Waste a Drop"

By Ted Watson

I used to think Charlie Hill prized his dogs more than anything else in the world. But that was before my latest visit to his home. Shortly after I arrived Charlie excused himself to make a phone call, and told me to fix myself a drink. Just as I was pouring some Old Smuggler, his three boxers bounded into the room and started a friendly contest to see which one would sit on my lap. Charlie returned while the melee was at its height. I was fully prepared for him to feel more concerned about his dogs than me, but his remark was surprisingly sensible. "Careful Ted," he frantically admonished, "don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

Careful, don't waste a drop...

that's **Old Smuggler**

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with a HISTORY

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What's your answer? Suppose it's your child. How often have you said (or heard friends say), "I wouldn't take a million for that kid!"? And then discover a week later, that neither you nor your friends, were willing to put out just a few extra dollars to get needed school facilities for that same child!

Doesn't it surprise you to find that the value of a child can vary from priceless to less than a few dollars in a matter of days? Well, not really, because it actually doesn't. It's just that oftentimes we tend to forget that our children and their

futures are pretty closely tied to the kind and quality of the education we can give them. Their future, and thus the future of our country, depends on your support. So it's really up to you to see to it that the children of your community get the education they deserve. In the long run it costs less.

Send today for free booklet, "How Can Citizens Help Their Schools?". Just write to The National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools, 2 West 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Why not do it now!



BETTER SCHOOLS BUILD BETTER COMMUNITIES

THE VICTORY AT BIG LAKE

Men of ingenuity are licking "winterkill"
which suffocates the fish in frozen lakes

by REX STANLEY

HIGH on a snow-deep mountain in eastern Arizona, a crew of biologists is working to protect a million fish in an ice-locked lake. The men are battling "winterkill"—an old enemy of almost every high-country trout lake. There's every reason to believe they'll conquer it. They did last winter, with a new weapon that has made possible a jackpot of trout and can mean better fishing in many other states.

The name of this fish-loaded water is Big Lake, located on a lofty shoulder of Mt. Baldy, 30 miles southwest of Springerville, Ariz. and near the timber line of the Apache National Forest. It's held by a low dam at the neck of a shallow snow basin. The name is a contradiction—Big Lake covers only 575 acres and averages just eight feet deep. But in 1954 it produced a record 225 pounds of fish per acre of water. Few so-called "good" trout lakes anywhere can produce 50 pounds.

Big Lake is fertile, so full of natural foods that trout grow 1½ inches a month. Thus instead of expensive creel-size fish which are put in many U.S. lakes, Big Lake is stocked with inch-long fry. Raised in a hatchery, the lake's trout caught in 1954 would have cost \$100,000. But stocked as fry, the bill was only \$1,250.

This sounds like an easy way to get sensational, low-cost fishing. But it took 25 years, research by five biologists, the work of 150 men, and a unique invention before Big Lake's record trout production was finally won. To do it, deadly winterkill had to be defeated for the first time. Like high-altitude lakes in many other

states, Big Lake is buried in snow and ice during the winter months. The water may freeze five feet deep, and be covered by heavy drifts. Trout are trapped below the ice, and must try to live on a dwindling oxygen supply. If the lake isn't opened, all fish will die. How many fish have been lost to winterkill in the U.S. is anybody's guess. But in Big Lake, 10 million trout were wiped out as the kill came nearly every winter, beginning in 1928, the year the first fish were planted. There was no dam across the snow basin then, it was just a shallow, spring-fed pond. There were no roads. A. W. Yoder, assistant director of the Arizona Game and Fish Department, remembers packing the trout to the water on horseback. The following spring, when he returned, the fish were all dead. It was the start of a lethal cycle that continued until 1953, broken only by a few summers of fishing, when the previous winters had been mild.

SNOW IS THE VILLAIN

Biologists studied the lake and concluded that in addition to the ice threat, weedbeds hastened death. The underwater weeds were beneficial when winter ice stayed clear. Sunlight kept them releasing oxygen in the water. But under snow-covered, opaque ice, the weeds ceased throwing off life-giving oxygen and produced poisonous nitrogen.

Heading "operation thaw" at Big Lake this winter is the young scientist who solved both problems. Biologist Jack Hemphill, now Chief of Fisheries for Arizona, finally reached the ice-locked lake in 1950 by riding a tractor-

like Weasel part of the way, then snowshoeing five more miles. For three winters he tried blasting, cutting and drilling the heavy ice. All failed, and more trout died. Then he hit on the simple but revolutionary idea that saved 350,000 fish in 1953: why not try compressed air to circulate warmer lake-bottom water up to the ice?

The coldest water in a frozen-over lake is just below the ice and near 32° F. From there on down, the water is warmer, with 7 to 8° higher temperature on the bottom. When circulated this water will melt ice.

Hemphill convinced department director John M. Hall that the idea was worth a try. During the summer of 1953 the fisheries crew had an unusual job: drilling thousands of quarter-inch holes in 2,700 feet of plastic hose. That fall, the perforated hose was anchored across a wide bay and an air compressor on shore was connected.

Ice came in November, and deepened each day. The oxygen content of Big Lake dropped from a healthy 5.1 parts per million to a deadly 2.1. It was time to start pumping. In hitting cold, 25° below zero, the crew took turns cranking the compressor. It finally fired, caught, and air began pushing through the sunken hose. Five hours passed. Finally, in late afternoon, a hole suddenly opened in the ice and slowly widened. Big Lake was breathing again. In two weeks, it was spanned by a channel 300 yards wide.

Right now, Hemphill and his crew are ready to do the job again, and keep at it intermittently through March, so that there will be good fishing in Big Lake this year.



ICE FIGHTERS check their perforated hose which has opened up a channel in Big Lake, Ariz. Compressed air, escaping from holes in the hose, stirs up warmer bottom water which melts the ice above.

OH, SAD, SAD GROUNDHOG DAY

In defense of the put-upon woodchuck, which must no longer be called a bum on February 2

by JOHN O'REILLY

It has become fashionable at this time of the year to denounce the groundhog. As soon as February 2 approaches, this amiable critter is described as a phony weather prophet, a humbug and sluggard who sleeps on the one day he should get out and get his picture in the papers. Now let's just hold on a minute. Who claimed that if the groundhog or woodchuck saw his shadow there would be six more weeks of winter, and if he didn't, spring would be early?

The truth is that the groundhog is an unknowing substitute for the European hedgehog in this shady job. February 2 is Candlemas Day, celebrated since early Christian times in Europe, where there is an ancient popular belief that if the weather is fair on Candlemas Day the winter will be long.

Somehow the task of testing whether Candlemas Day was sunny was assigned to the European hedgehog, an animal about 10 inches long with short quills like a porcupine. The hedgehog stirs from his slumbers on any warm winter day, so he was a likely candidate for the job.

HOW THE LEGEND BEGAN

When the early settlers came to this country they naturally brought many of their beliefs with them. In the New World they found no hedgehogs, but they did find the groundhog. It had only the faintest resemblance to the hedgehog but it slept underground, so they just shifted the job of weather prophet onto it. They didn't take into consideration that the groundhog is a late sleeper; that when February 2 comes around he generally is still curled up in his den in deep hibernation.

When the groundhog comes out of his burrow in late February or early March it is not from any desire to see

his shadow but usually to seek romance. The male groundhog makes long journeys in search of a mate, trudging through snow and rain and sleet and gloom of night—sort of like a postman but for a different reason.

There was one man to whom no one dared denounce the groundhog. He was George Washington Hensel Jr., who served for many years as the Hibernating Governor of the Slumbering Groundhog Lodge of Quarryville, Pa. Under his leadership this lodge, the only secret groundhog order in the world, grew to be a great force for fun.

It was my good fortune one bleak February 2 to participate in the mystic rites at Quarryville. Half the day was devoted to field work. Wearing top hats and sombreros and carrying shepherd's crooks and 12 gauge shotguns, 43 members of the Slumbering Groundhog Lodge braved winds of gale force in a search for the prophetic marmot.

The Hibernating Governor divided them into squads of five or six men. Each squad was led by a Prophet who carried a long fishing pole with a white rag tied to it for wigwagging purposes. One squad was led by the Defender of the Faith, who had a huge key dangling around his neck. It was the key to the Portals of Secrecy but, as no outsider ever touched it, the secrets remained secret. In front of him walked the Enlightening Advocate, carrying a shotgun. It was not his duty to shoot groundhogs. (Heaven forbid!) His job was to defend the Defender of the Faith.

The strain on the members was terrific. There were long periods of cruising and watchful waiting at the mouths of groundhog holes. At one point the Hibernating Governor waved his shepherd's crook and said proudly, "Just look at that squad." To the west

six men were silhouetted against a dull sky as they marched along the brow of a hill. One was beating a bass drum. Another clanged a pair of cymbals. Their bodies leaned into the gale as they carried on their relentless search for a groundhog. All agreed it was an inspiring sight.

THE LONG-AWAITED REPORT

Most of the squads were down in an old rock quarry engaged in tireless hole-watching when Hibernating Governor Hensel emitted a bloodcurdling scream. A chorus of equally inhuman sounds answered from the rim of the quarry, where stood the members of Squad No. 5. Three times they roared in the wind.

"Have you a report?" shouted Hensel through cupped hands.

"Yes, Brother Groundhog, we have a report," came the answer.

"Come forward and report."

They scrambled down the slope and the Prophet of the squad said, "At 9:42 7 8 a.m., at a point 76° 8' longitude, 39° 52' latitude, Eden Township, the groundhog saw his shadow and scooted back."

This announcement was greeted with howls of approbation, and the lodge members formed in single file to march back the weary quarter mile and take the news to Quarryville and the world. There was a parade and feasting and loud laughter rocked the small town. They finally assembled in the Hibernating Governor's hardware store where the festivities continued far into the night.

Perhaps the late Mr. Hensel had the right idea. He fostered a myth but he generated fun. At least he didn't go around blaming the groundhog for something the critter didn't ask for in the first place. (END)



A GROUNDHOG CASTING ITS SHADOW (BUT NOT ON "THAT DAY")



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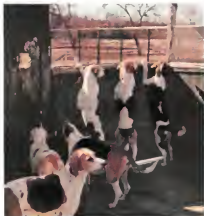
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PROFESSIONAL HUNTSMAN Charlie Plumb mounts his horse at Meadow Brook Hunt Meet, Long Island, N.Y.



DRAWING THE PACK in the kennels—selecting hounds which will participate—is the first step in modern fox hunt.



WITH HOUNDS PACKED AROUND HUNTSMAN AND WHIPPERS-IN POSTED

THE CHANGING LOOK OF FOX HUNTING

Mounting costs, fewer "angels" and the hazards of deer and housing developments are bringing a good many changes to a flourishing but misunderstood sport that carries on a great never-say-die tradition

by **REGINALD WELLS**
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAYMOND EDOWNE



ON EITHER SIDE, THE MEADOW BROOK HUNT SETS OFF FOR A FINE DAY'S CHASE AFTER FOX OVER FIELDS AND HILLS OF LONG ISLAND

EVER SINCE the sport was brought to America in Colonial days, fox hunting has had its troubles. It was just about 100 years ago that sportsmen and the public in general first sounded the death knell of fox hunting. The skeptics reasoned that such a rural pursuit as fox hunting could never survive in an age of industrial revolution with its railroads, automobiles and barbed wire. Today the death knell is still tolling, and with about as much effect. Too many deer are running riot with hounds; housing developments are gobbling up precious hunting country;

parkways and thruways are a constant menace to the packs, and taxes have reduced to a handful the number of people who can afford to foot the bill of a private establishment. But in spite of these setbacks there are still some 200,000 persons in this country happily engaged in some form of fox hunting. Most of them enjoy "night hunting" on foot in mountainous or wooded country unsuitable for riding. The rest—about 3,000 every weekend—ride to hounds mounted in the English tradition.

It is this mounted form which faces a simple decision today—change or die

out. It is a decision that fox hunters have faced for decades and they're still going strong in spite of it. In the matter of adaptability the fox hunter is a past master. Overtaken by sprawling suburbs, the hunts near cities are moving off to new country. To replace the angels who formerly financed most of the sport, hunt clubs are being formed in which all members share the costs. With an eye to the future, pony clubs are being encouraged for young riders.

Along with its other hazards, fox hunting constantly has to wage a war of enlightenment with landowners and

continued on next page



WITH A FLOURISH OF ITS TAIL AND HOCKS TUCKED WELL UP, A KEEN GRAY CARRIES ANN CONOLLY OVER A POST-AND-RAIL PANEL



FOX HUNTING *continued*

the public. Most attacks on fox hunting are based on ignorance, and of all the sports in America it is the most misunderstood.

Educating the public to the qualities of fox hunting is part of the dedicated purpose of the Master of Foxhounds Association to which all of the nation's 197 recognized packs belong. Because the leisured young gentleman of means is almost a thing of the past, fewer young men are seen today in the hunting field. Young women are taking to the sport in increasing numbers and now outnumber the men about 10 to 1. While most hunts try to keep up appearances and turn out as well as they can, the worth of a fox hunter is not judged by his clothes but how well he rides to hounds.

HUNTERS HARK to the opening cry of the hounds—crying through Broad Hollow woods and the sound of the hunt-man's horn which signals the start of the run.

The Meadow Brook Hunt on Long Island is typical of the hunts which today face many obstacles, and no hunt illustrates better their ability to overcome them.

At one time the Meadow Brook met as far west as Jamaica—now a subway terminal set in the midst of close-packed stores, filling stations and houses. For years the Meadow Brook hunting country has been shrinking at the edges and today all that remains is several strips of landed estates riddled with parkways and intersected by solid lines of speeding cars. And some of these are being slowly eaten up by housing developments.

Although the wise people have shaken their heads at the start of every new season and prophesied that this would be Meadow Brook's last, the hunt is still going strong and not even the Jericho turnpike and Route 25A, which run right through their country, have dampened the spirits of its members or lessened sport—they've just made it harder. At least one bound is killed on these roads every year and others are often hit and injured. Veterinary bills have increased, and public relations are constantly strained. One driver whose car hit a bound sent the hunt a bill for a dented fender—and collected!

CHASED BY GUNNERS

With the influx of new residents who are not geared to pleasant thoughts about horses, a difficult landowner problem has arisen. Like other hunts the Meadow Brook is constantly being misunderstood. When hounds ran a fox into the cellar of a solid-looking development house—after what must be conceded was an excellent chase—all kinds of unappreciative people objected. Properties were promptly posted against riders; the local sale of barbed wire increased and on one occasion the hunt was chased by some gunners. Complaints started to pour in that "the horses are frightening the children." Patiently and with the resolution of spirit inherent in fox hunters the members of the Meadow Brook have handled these problems, and if all are not yet solved at least the hunt continues to go out twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Under its Joint Masters, Mr. Charles V. Hickox and Mr. William F. Dobbs, assisted by their professional huntsman, Charles D. Plumb, the Meadow Brook carries on in the best tradition of the sport.

If and when it has to close down, its members will go somewhere else to hunt—but stop hunting they will not. Such is the fox hunters' love for their

sport that no hazard or distance seems too great to prevent them from getting out and riding to hounds. An example of this is Mr. Tim Durant, Master of the Smithtown Hunt, who commutes by commercial plane from Danbury, Conn. to his hunt in Long Island every weekend, thereby avoiding a seven-hour drive by car.

Although the present trend is towards rural hunts, the majority are still supported by people who commute to and from a large city. More people are hunting today than ever before—but they hunt fewer days a week. Most hunt only one day a week.

No two fox hunters can agree on which is the best hunt in the country.

Based on the numbers hunting, however, the following hunts are among the best: in Pennsylvania, Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Fox Hounds; in Virginia, the Piedmont, Orange County, Warrenton and Middleburg; in Maryland, the Elkridge-Harford and the Green Spring Valley; in New Jersey, the Essex; in New York, The Genesee Valley and the Millbrook; in Connecticut, Fairfield County and the Litchfield. In the Carolinas, Moore County and the Sedgefield; in Ohio, the Camargo; in Illinois, Oak Brook; in Missouri, the Bridlespur; in Colorado, the Arapahoe; in Canada, the Montreal and the Toronto and North York.

There are approximately 53 packs of hounds which might be described as club packs, supported by dues and subscriptions, 27 hunt packs supported by hunt subscriptions, and 28 private packs supported by their masters, with contributions from landowners, the field and capping fees (a courtesy fee for the privilege of hunting).

• The sport of the 107 hunts is predominantly live, native fox, but 22

practice drag hunting (hounds follow a scent laid down by dragging a bag of fox excrement or aniseed); 16 hunt both fox and drag; two hunt both fox and coyote, and one both fox and hare. The fox-hunting hound population of America is something over 5,300 couple (10,600 hounds) in a typical year. Frequently two or three breeds are kennelled but crossbreds, at more than 3,800 couple, predominate. American hounds number over 1,250 couple and English foxhounds 361 couple.

One measure of a hunt's status is how many times hounds go out. Fifty to 70 times a season (Sept.-April in most hunts) is about average. Hounds in Southern states are likely to enjoy more huntable weather; the Tryon Hounds in North Carolina went out 145 times last season. Permission for a stranger or visitor to go out with hounds is secured from the Master and is arranged through sponsorship by a member or subscriber to a hunt.

For those who have never taken part, the pleasures of a fox hunt are often hard to comprehend. Although many follow in cars, and some on foot, fox hunting is primarily not a spectator sport but rather a participant sport. It is also noncompetitive. Essentially, the performers are the animals involved rather than the humans. The actual contest is between a sharp-witted fox and a pack of keen-nosed hounds. The horses make it possible for the humans to witness the work of the canine pursuers and, more often than not, the triumph of the fox pursued. Unless he hunts hounds himself, the Master of Foxhounds merely leads, commands and disciplines the field once hounds are in cry. In most hunts, a professional Huntsman is employed. He is assist-

continued on next page



HIGHWAY HAZARD is Route 25A in Long Island, which cuts across the Meadow Brook hunting country. Speeding cars kill at least one bound on this road every year.

FOX HUNTING continued

ed by two whippers-in—who may be either professional or amateur. All the humans do is ride to hounds. Keeping up with them, however, calls for long, hard riding.

To make it more difficult there are a variety of natural fences and other obstacles which have to be jumped, often at high speed. Sociability plays a definite part in the sport and riders are much of the time in a column of twos, enabling them to chat with each other—though silence is required when hounds are drawing (trying to find a fox), running or have checked and are puzzling out the line.

ALL THE ELEMENTS OF BATTLE

Fox hunting is, of course, steeped in custom, and tradition governs dress, idiom and etiquette. Probably no modern fox hunter wears a white stock fastened with a gold safety pin with any real expectation that he will need them to bandage a wound or fracture, but a stock is always worn and that is its real purpose. The time of day is always referred to as "morning." It is "morning" until hounds go home even if it's in the middle of the afternoon.

The velvet cap of the staff outranks even the silk hat in the hunting field and a warning call of "Huntsman, please!" peremptorily scatters horses and riders out of his way. There is no rational reason either why fox hunters should wear a tan rat-catcher coat dur-

ing the cubbing (preformal) season, a black coat after the formal opening and a scarlet coat only after the Master invites them to do so. The only reason is binding custom, usage, legend and tradition. The men, women and children who like these things like fox hunting. A chance to get out into the country, ride a horse and watch hounds pit their brains and speed against an animal as primitive and cunning as the fox is a challenge, a thrill and a satisfaction which few can resist once they have been entered to the sport. A good hunt has all the elements of battle—danger, strategy, science, human endurance and death. And its greatest appeal is in its suspense. Even the Huntsman cannot tell where, when, or even whether the fox will pilot them across open country, through woodland, into thickets, along a fence or over it, or up against barbed wire. Because of the great difference in country, no two hunts are the same. Methods of hunting vary considerably according to local conditions. The style of hunting with Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds, of Unionville, Pa., a larger, privately owned pack, differs vastly from the way the Meadow Brook hunts. The Meadow Brook hunt costs about \$35,000 a year to operate, with fees of \$400 for a single subscription and \$500 for a family of two. A junior subscription costs \$150 and the capping fee for a day's hunting is \$15.

Early on any hunting day Huntsman Plumb can be found at the kennels

looking over the hounds. As soon as they hear his voice they crowd forward with excitement and expectation. The Meadow Brook crossbreds are a pack of which any huntsman could be proud.

On this day, Huntsman Plumb decides to use twenty-and-a-half couple—15 couple of doghounds and five-and-a-half of bitches. Carefully he chooses them to make up a well-balanced pack. He used to ride to the Meet with hounds around him, but traffic conditions have become so bad that they must now be taken there in a van. By now Huntsman Plumb knows where the hazards lie and he tries to give a good day's sport without interruptions.

A DAY WITH HOUNDS

The Meet this morning is at 9 a.m. at Piping Rock on the horse-show grounds. By the time the Huntsman and hounds arrive the scene is one of great activity. Crammed along the side of the road are horse vans and automobiles—some still disgorging horses and riders arriving for the hunt. Everywhere there is movement and animated chatter as riders greet each other and prepare themselves. Grooms tack up the horses, sleek, huge hunters standing alert and impatient. On the outskirts the riders, already mounted, warm up their horses in preparation for the hard riding to come. Gradually the rest of the field mounts. Long-skirted ladies wearing silk hats mount sidesaddle; others in black hunting bowlers, black coat and egg-nog-colored breeches sit astride their horses. Taper-legged young men make a last-minute check of girths and curb chains and move their mounts off at a walk. Here and there in the crowd is a scarlet coat—the traditional hunting "pink," so called after a London tailor who made the best. There are children out today too, six-year-olds and others of all ages. They stand together, tiny miniatures of their parents, all wearing the velvet cap (the only members of the field permitted to do so except the hunt staff) but expressing their individuality in their boots—some in quite irregular, but much-loved, cowboy boots. The children have been brought up in the hunting tradition, and their keenness is obvious.

Over to one side Huntsman Plumb

MR. REYNARD



The fox is a vagabond and a thief. Unlike those who hunt him, he is not a sportsman, but in a mean, cunning killer who pounces upon his prey by stealth. The more a fox is hunted the more he learns and the harder he is to catch. In off hunting months the fox enjoys a happy, carefree life of theft and laziness. When February comes around Mr. Fox goes courting and will travel miles in search of a vixen who will bear him the craftiest little children that ever lived. A vixen has only one litter of cubs a year. It is a strange but true fact that many fox cubs are born on or around April 1 and this Agil Fool's birthday seems to have a great deal to do with the foaling proclivities of the fox family.

HUNTING BUTTONS The exact date when hunt clubs started using sporting buttons is not known, but the style originated in England and was believed to have been taken up in this country sometime after the sport arrived. The

buttons reproduced below and on the following pages (courtesy of The Costume Institute of The Metropolitan Museum of Art and J. Partridge of London Ltd.) show some early English buttons, followed by American Hunt buttons,



and the Master, Mr. Hickox, discuss which coverts are to be drawn. Then it is time to move off. The horn sounds its long-drawn "Tooooo-oot!" and Huntsman and hounds lead the way. The riders, Mr. Hickox at their head, follow after, strung out across the field, jogging at a trot towards the first covert.

As he rides, Huntsman Plumb takes a check on the wind. He is as conscious of it as a sailor, for he prefers to draw the covert up-wind. Should he reverse the procedure—with the fox winding the hounds first—Old Reynard would get away from covert early and be gone. This is a dry day, but the wind is gentle and Huntsman Plumb has his plan already formed.

First covert to be drawn today is a rhododendron thicket on Planting Fields Estate, and as the hounds reach it they fan out and cast themselves.

They crash into the undergrowth, ignoring the cat brinr, their noses at work and sterna waving. Darting, pushing, weaving and jumping hounds scramble through bramble and bur, working all the way, necks bent low, inquisitive noses snuffing dry ground.

Suddenly an inexperienced hound—one of the young entry—runs riot after a rabbit. Whipper-in Billy Moffatt flies after the offender, shouting "Leave it. . . Leave it!" and his whip cracks out like a pistol shot. Back swings the misled hound to join the rest of the pack and on they sweep back and forth, spread out and forever pressing



FLYING FOX HUNTER Tim Durant, Master of Smithtown Hunt, L.L., a commuter by plane every weekend from Danbury, Conn., is met at airport by Huntsman and hounds.

onward, working every inch of the ground. Scent is catchy this morning. But wait . . . Dauntless is speaking to it, her stern feathering. Huntsman Plumb watches her closely. He knows she's not apt to speak unless certain of it. Now Damon has joined her. A whimper . . . an unmistakable whimper. But Dauntless must be sure. Her nose draws another figure eight on the ground. Finally she owns the line and, lifting her head to the skies, she proclaims "fox" with a cry that sets every spine tingling and every hackle on end. All hounds rush to her, honoring it, and as one grand chorus their cry fills

the woods as the pack and Huntsman stream away to the west.

Now the blood begins to tingle. This is it. Cigarettes are quickly thrown away, hats are pushed nearer to the tops of ears and horses like their riders catch the excitement of the moment. Then they are off, breaking away at a full gallop eager to get up near the front at the beginning, riders leaning forward, some standing in the irons, their coattails streaming. Now is the time to swallow hard, gather your horse under you and take off. . . . Behind the charging mass come the chil-

continued on next page

HUNTING FASHIONS ARE TRADITIONAL



MR. J. STANLEY REEVE



MRS. ARTHUR O. CHOATE



MR. R. C. STRAWBRIDGE SR.



MRS. JOHN M. CROSS



MR. R. FRANK NAIRN

These members of the Cheshire Hunt in Pennsylvania illustrate some of the different, but traditionally correct, styles of hunting clothes. Mr. Reeve wears a gray derby, tweed coat and cord breeches for the cubbing season while Mrs. Choate, pictured after

the season opened, wears ladies' black formal habit. Mr. Strawbridge wears the velvet cap of a Master, and Mrs. Cross, who rides sideaddle, wears the silk hat, black jacket and apron skirt. Mr. Nairn wears the traditional scarlet coat and silk top hat.



ROSE TREE
1900
1900
MILLWOOD



1900
GREEN
SPRING
VALLEY



SMYTHOWN
1900
2000
SHELBYVILLE



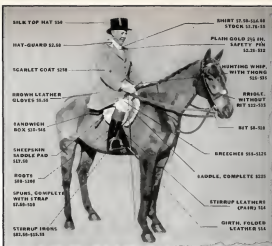
FOX HUNTING *continued*

dren, well to the rear but bravely going flat out as fast as tiny pony legs can carry them. At the tail end a lumbering, shaggy round ball of a black pony called Angus snorts along under 8-year-old Stewart Maloney. For too long Angus has been pastured with cattle and he thinks he is a cow. He's never jumped a big fence yet, but maybe this will be the day he catches on at last.

Up front the going is fast and breathless. Horses begin to sweat and lather and as fence and fallen tree rise up out of the onrushing ground, hearts jump up into mouths as dry as sand. Now the riders begin to show. Up and over sail the horses, their jumping a thing of beauty. Terrifyingly, out of nowhere something high and formidable looms up before a rider. Too late to pull up . . . just time to grab a firm hold of the mane. The horse puts in a short one, pops up and over, and lands going away. Surprised, the rider comes down on the other side, both stirrups lost, hugging the beast's warm neck and praying quietly. The hands which have never left the horse's neck press down hard and push up, and suddenly horse and rider straighten out and are flashing across the grass, elated now and still with the best of them.

Behind in the distance a smashing of a top rail, a dull thud and a loose horse canters off into the next field.

Hounds have checked. Thank Heaven. Time for a breather. Now we shall see if they can work out the line as well as run their fox. Back and forth and round and round they go, their noses busy all the time. The field



THE COST OF BEING TURNED OUT CORRECTLY

Fox hunting attire and appointments differ little in cost, whether for men or women. But a consider-

able investment is needed (above). An informal wardrobe plus other items brings outlay to about \$1,300.

stands off, collecting wits and breath, steam rising from the horses. A hat is straightened, cheeks glow with the flush of the first burst and a ruddy-faced old gentleman steals a quick nip of sherry from a saddle flask. All eyes are on hounds, waiting and watching. Watching too are the hilltoppers, the groups of hunting enthusiasts who are

not mounted today but who love to follow the hunt across the countryside in cars. Suddenly, from one of them a shout, "TA-LAY-HO . . . TA-LAY-HO."

He has seen a fox break out of Appledore and now he stands pointing in that direction. Quietly Huntsman Plumb gathers his hounds, moves toward the holloa and casts them. Again hounds own the line. Into cat briars they go, charging in full cry, their heads now up to catch the breast-high scent. They break out of covert, running well packed and speaking to it all the time. Field after field is left behind, and the number of riders dwindles. Some are unable to keep up the pace and others have had enough, but the bunched few in the lead go racing on. Relentlessly they fling themselves after hounds, into woods, out into meadow, back into woods and out onto plough. This is hunting pace—like a cavalry charge in battle.

Two fields ahead a rust-colored streak of lightning is seen bugging the ground and running fast. A sliver of red hangs from his mouth. The fox's tongue is hanging out—a sure sign he

WHEN YOU FIRST MEET HOUNDS

DO'S

Arrive at the Meet on time. Greet the Master of Foxhounds with a "Good morning." Seek out the Hon. Secretary and pay him the cap fee, unless you are a subscriber. Check your saddle girth—it may have loosened while hacking over to the Meet.

When hounds move off to covert do not seek a place near the head of the columns of two. It is more proper for senior members to take that position. When in woodland and the horses in front of you slow up or stop, hold up your whip band to signal and warn those behind you. If a hound is trying to come forward from in rear of the field sing out "Ware hound!" to prevent a

horse from stepping on and injuring it.

If you are about to be passed by Huntsman and the pack in a lane, pull out to your rear side and turn your horse to face hounds. It is then less likely your horse will step on one.

DON'TS

Don't ever ride ahead of the Master. When hounds are working nearby do not move about or talk audibly. You are expected to hold back for an interval which the Master will set. Don't ride close to a horse with a red ribbon tied in his tail. He kicks.

Don't hold on to a tree branch and then let it slap back into the face of the rider behind you.

Never leave a fellow hunter in trouble.



is weakening. Put to his last resources Old Reynard tries every trick, doubling back into the woods, trying to save his brush. Older hounds push to the front. They know. The end is nearing. Now is the time to be in the first flight. The Huntsman has before him a sinking fox. The excitement brings out the thruster in everybody and to be in that first flight is the most important thing in the world. The fox is in one field, the Huntsman and hounds are in the next and the riders are in the third. Horses are winded and no longer respond to whip and spur. The hounds are clamorous—Panic and Christmas and Dorothy and the rest come shrieking as loud as their nearly pumped-out wind will allow. Back into cover they go. Every hound is up and running for him. A quick turn—and another—Old Reynard is pulling out all of his tricks. Through a field of cattle to foil his scent; circling to double back across his own line. In full view of the field he stops and looks over his shoulder disdainfully smiling at the confusion among hounds. And then he's off again. But throw the pack off he cannot. Hounds are pressing him hard, their crashing noise bringing the whole woods alive. . . . They are upon him. A snap, a turn and a tumble and it is all over.

CEREMONY OF THE KILL

Leaping from his horse Huntsman Plumb grabs the fox from the hounds and holds it high over his head out of reach. With a knife he quickly cuts off the musk (head) and brush. On panting, heaving, lathered horses the first fighters come up in time to see Huntsman throw the fox's carcass into the air for the hounds.

"Er-ray-ay, Er-ray-ay," goes the horn at his lips, announcing the kill. "Whoop-ooop. . . Whoop-ooop," he cries out, repeating the long, slow mournful call on the horn. Hounds deserve their reward. They have run their fox for more than 50 minutes over a difficult terrain and with catchy scent. The field—what is left of them—stands about discussing the day's sport. The Master presents the mask and brush to two of those lucky enough to be in at the kill and the paws to the children who were well up front. A newcomer who has not hunted before is "blooded" to his first fox in traditional style: Blood from one of the fox's pads is daubed on his cheek, initiating him for all time to a sport which has been called "the image of war without its guilt and only five-and-twenty percent of its danger." (END)

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Wakes you to Music!



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1-33

APPLE PIE IN SUN VALLEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOERN CERDYS

At the training camp for Olympic ski prospects in Sun Valley this month, everyone was watching Jill Kinmont (left). She was worth it. Last year, at 18, she became the only person ever to win the women's National Junior and Senior slalom in the same year. This year she looked like prime Olympic material, and George Maromber and Christian Pravda, special coaches at the camp, kept a close eye on her as she swung through the practice gates on Baldy Mountain. Every other man was watching because she was easily the prettiest girl in the place.

All this attention was a bit embarrassing to Jill, a snub-nosed blonde who seems to think everyone is wonderful, and who skis simply because "it's so much fun."

She also likes to win. Back home on her father's guest ranch in Bishop, Calif., she is making sure the Olympic Committee won't forget her. Her training program, an appalling dose of self-discipline, includes quarter-mile sprints, deep knee bends and hopping like a halfback through automobile tires spread out in her back yard. Six days a week she heads for Mammoth Mountain to run the slalom gates. And at day's end, Jill packs off to baby sit for transportation money to the most exciting meet of her life—the U.S. Olympic tryouts in Vermont and New Hampshire in the middle of March.



CHATTING WITH GIRLS in early morning outside lodge, Jill laughingly shares a joke with two other Olympic hopefuls.



BUNDLING UP, JILL GETS AN ASSIST FROM BUDDY WERNER, JUNIOR CHAMPION IN '53, '52 AND A TOP PLACER IN WORLD MEETS



CHATTING WITH COACH Christian Prveda, Jill discusses day-to-day plans. He was an Austrian ace who turned pro to teach at Sun Valley.



RIDING BUS to ski area, Jill feeds candy to Werner. Like Jill, he hopes to win a spot on the 1956 U.S. Olympic squad.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

PLAY better- FEEL better!

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PRETTY SKIER AIMS AT OLYMPICS



WARMING UP in hut on top of mountain, Jill backs up close to improvised stove.



PUFFING INTO the mitten, Jill joins other skiers for an afternoon of practice.

BROTHER-SISTER ACT of Skoeter Werner (left), Jill, Buddy Werner, and Bob Kimmont (right) heads down mountain. Bob and Skoeter have also won national junior titles.



John Groth's *Haiti*



HAITI today is a fascinating product of a long and bloody history. Discovered by Columbus, it was a frequent port of call for buccaneers. After the Spaniards all but exterminated the Indian population, they brought in African slaves. Descendants of these men from the Congo won their freedom in a fierce struggle with France at the time of Napoleon; and from them, in turn, Haiti's people are descended today—a proud, calm race whose primitive art is fast finding a following in the U.S., whose tongue is soft Creole, a mixture of French, Spanish, English and African, and who still follow many of the customs of bygone years.







VODOO RITES like these give tourists a show-biz look at a primitive heritage. Frenetic drums, a ragtime band, uninhibited dancing by small boys, a chanting female chorus and a sacrificial goat are part of the show. The tension ends when the high priest lays aside his knife, kisses the goat between the horns and the tourists file out suitably purged of pity and fear.



COCKFIGHTS on Sundays in Port-au-Prince are closely attended by Haitians, some tourists and an occasional sailor from a visiting warship. The natives hold up their hands to signal bets, and although the cock-fights are seldom to the death, they generate enough excitement to jam the pits in the Port-au-Prince pavilion downtown with cheering spectators.

BOXING'S STRAW BOSSES

continued from page 19

Another meeting was arranged . . . A car arrived, bearing Palermo, Singleton and Joseph Coffey. Coffey shouted, "Come on boys, get in." Realizing they were to be taken for a "ride," Marcus and a friend who was with him jumped into their own car and tore away at high speed, with Palermo's car in pursuit. There was a running gun battle. Then the Marcus car crashed into another car, and Palermo and his pals sped away. Marcus identified them to the police, and Blinky was charged with reckless use of firearms, violating the Uniform Firearms Act, assault with intent to kill, and aiding and abetting an illegal lottery. However, Marcus and his friend refused to testify, and so the case had to be dropped.

Blinky has been arrested many times on many charges, but never has been convicted of a felony. In 1947 the Pennsylvania State Board of Pardons granted him a full pardon "for the good work he had done for the community in general." In 1952 he appeared before the Illinois Athletic Commission for permission to second his fighter, Ike Williams, in a Williams-Chuck Davey fight in Chicago. Truman Gibson Jr., who was there on behalf of the IBC, agreed to act as his counsel. Waving his pardon and a letter from a lawyer, Blinky cried out for justice. "I am a married man with five children any father should be proud of," he said. "I raised them myself. I've never been arrested for the last 17 years and don't know why a man can't live it down." The Illinois Commission did not allow him to second Williams, but later it sympathetically gave him an Illinois manager's license.

Some idea of what the Taylor-Palermo-Norris-Carbo palship can achieve by way of mutual accommodation can be had from the most recent "International Boxing Club, James D. Norris, president, and Herman Taylor" presentation. This was the Kid Gavilan-Johnny Saxton fight in Philadelphia on Oct. 30th for the welterweight championship, which Saxton "won" under circumstances so obviously peculiar that even Taylor was embarrassed. It is a tangled story but briefly, as reported by SI's correspondents, it comes down to this:

Back in 1946 Fernando (Fino) Balido, onetime proprietor of a Havana newspaper stand, brought his young protégé, Gavilan, to New York, hopeful of getting into big-time boxing. Soon after-

ward at Stillman's Gym he ran into Angel Lopez, a night-club operator. Lopez was a friend of Frank Carbo, who was not then the power in boxing that he was to become, but who already had much influence. The upshot of their conversations was that Lopez cut in for half of Balido's contract and the Kid began to get fights.

Later on Carbo left New York for a while and business was slow. Balido and Lopez brought in George Gainford, manager of Sugar Ray Robinson, for 10%; thereupon Gavilan received two fights with Robinson which returned



BOSTON PROMOTER Sam Silverman leaves his home after 1954 bombing attack.

him much money and prestige. (Gainford was cheated out of most of his 10%; he says.) In due time, after Robinson had retired, Gavilan fought his way to the welterweight championship. Balido soon grew tired (or so he told friends) of taking Carbo's orders through Lopez. After the Gavilan-Gil Turner fight in July, 1952 he took the Kid back to Cuba without bothering to give Lopez his share of the purse. Naturally this made for hard feelings.

Then Balido made a worse error. Fulgencio Batista had recently strong-armed his way back to power in Cuba, and wanted something to take the public's mind off politics. Balido suggested a Gavilan title defense in Havana against Billy Graham, the top challenger. Batista was delighted—but then Balido found himself unable to make good. Carbo and Lopez let it be known that Gavilan would not fight Graham unless Balido stepped aside as his co-manager; moreover, that unless he did fight Graham, they would see to it that he fought no one else. Gavilan concurred: he would not fight Graham

in Cuba, he told Balido, unless the latter released him. Balido, fearful of Batista's displeasure, finally gave in. A settlement was arranged by the IBC, signed on its behalf by James D. Norris, and the fight came off on schedule. Among the visiting celebrities, arriving on Oct. 3, 1952 and occupying suite 402-3 (\$42 a day) at the Hotel Nacional, was Frank Carbo.

A *Little Caesar* touch was added when, one day shortly before the fight, Carbo and some fellow boxing authorities were sitting in the hotel bar drinking champagne. Carbo, although usually well-mannered, can be mean when the drink is in him and that day he was in a celebrating mood. After a while he noticed across the room a New York boxing writer whose paper had printed some unfriendly comments about him. Carbo walked over, stuck a forefinger in the middle of the man's forehead and growled, "If you was your boss and this was a gun, I'd put a bullet into you right there. And after that," he went on, "I'd spin the chamber and I'd put some more bullets in the same place in your head." The reporter fled. Then Carbo turned to the room of bug-eyed boxing buffs and proposed a toast to Gavilan's new sole manager, Angel Lopez. Obediently they lifted their glasses—but Carbo was not pleased. "Higher! Higher! he shouted, "God damn it, higher!" as he walked around hoisting elbows to what he deemed a respectful height. They drank the toast and hurriedly cheered.

With these extra little embellishments, the freeze-out worked according to plan. Balido was in the Kid's corner during the Graham fight, but then stepped aside and Lopez took charge. But now came a novelty: Gavilan proved to have a mind of his own. He developed a great interest in dancing and becoming a show-business impresario. When he fought Bobo Olson for the middleweight title in Chicago and lost, he went off to Havana in disgust and could not be moved by Lopez' demands that he return to the U.S. and defend his welterweight title. Instead he took his dance troupe, the Sepias, on a Caribbean tour. When Lopez reminded him during one of their many telephone calls that he had a contract to fill, Gavilan replied that he had entertainment contracts to fulfill too, and that these took precedence over his boxing commitments. Lopez was outraged. So, presumably, was Frank Carbo.

Finally, three months ago, Gavilan

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DETROIT PROMOTER Julius Piazza is boxing front man for Sam Finazzo (right).



DETROIT HOODLUM Sam Finazzo is hidden owner of a variety of local boxers.

BOXING *continued from page 49*

was lured back into the ring. The place was Philadelphia. The promoters were "The International Boxing Club, James D. Norris, president, and Herman Taylor." The challenger was Johnny Saxton, managed by Blinky Palermo. The result, a wild-eyed weeping Gavilan shouted afterward, was, "They stole my title!"—a belief which the press and most spectators shared. Jess Losada, a leading Cuban sports-writer, put it about as well as anyone when he wrote: "The gangster who represents Gavilan is named Frankie Carbo, and the hoodlum who represents Johnny Saxton is Blinky Palermo. The two got together before the fight and arranged to 'sacrifice' Gavilan, who was guilty of indiscipline, an unpardonable crime among racketeers... In Philadelphia they could win money, purge a rebel and at the same time get a new champion who could be 'sacrificed' when they saw fit."

BOSTON

ST's correspondent reports: "The local picture is confused because there are so many independents. It's like the Boston Tea Party all over again. That's why the syndicate can't get a real toe hold here—too many independents with good connections."

However, amidst the disorder, several men stand out as leaders of boxing in this genteel community, and it is interesting to look at their credentials. The most prominent promoter is Sam Silverman, a former bookmaker. After a couple of arrests in this endeavor, he gave up and went into boxing. His partner, Rip Valenti, has a record dating back to 1918 when he was convicted

of assault and reaching to 1945 when he served a term for misuse of federal tax stamps on liquor bottles. Between times he was in court on 13 other charges, ranging from gaming in a public park to assault and battery and receiving stolen goods. He has many good friends in the underworld, among them Frank Carbo. Although it is against the law in Massachusetts, as in most other states, for a promoter or matchmaker to manage fighters, both Silverman and Valenti "cut in" in the classic way. Valenti has pieces of Tommy Collins and the excellent welterweight, Tony DeMarco.

Another, although less important,

leader of the sport is Johnny Buckley, who in 1919 was convicted of receiving stolen goods and sentenced to four to four and one half years in prison and who in 1933 was fined \$1,500 for allowing his business property to be used for bookmaking operations. Ex-convict Buckley went on to become manager of a heavyweight champion, Jack Sharkey, and many other fighters and is now the prosperous owner of a gym and the manager of a small boxing club. He also owns the building in which the Silverman-Valenti outfit has its office, and the proverbial friction between landlord and tenant seems in this case to have reached an apogee. A recent boxing card presented by his Sharkey A. C. suffered seven substitutions, a fiasco he laid—in testimony before the state boxing commission—to the machinations of the rival Callahan A. C. owned by Silverman and Valenti.

Silverman has had his share of troubles too. In recent years his apartment has been bombed, a shot was fired into his suburban home and almost hit his wife, he has been beaten by thugs twice (once with brass knuckles), threatened often; and once he slugged it out at ringside in the Boston Garden with Landlord Johnny Buckley.

The name most familiarly associated with Boston boxing is that of Ray Arcel, who staged many of his televised *Saturday Night Fights* from there. Arcel, who moved wherever his promotions took him, is not properly

A HAPPY PARTY IN OLD SEATTLE



Although at present Seattle is not a major boxing center, in the 1930s it was the middleweight capital of the world. The championships changed hands four times in 35 months in the same Seattle ring. The *Post-Intelligencer* recently reprinted this picture, made at a party for then-champion

Freddie Steele (seated, center). Behind Steele are his manager, Dave Miller, and Al (The Vet) Wolf. The party-giver on the left, who has been credited with running the middleweight division "like a galled 'ole-machine," is fat and gray now but he still calls himself Frank Carbo.

a Bostonian; however, he came close to being killed there in an obscure *confrempse* symptomatic of the general disease that has afflicted boxing. One afternoon in Sept. 1953, before one of the *Saturday Night* telecasts, he was standing on the sidewalk chatting with Willie Ketchum, manager of Gerald Dreyer, who fought in that evening's feature bout. Someone came up behind him and slugged him with a lead pipe.

Ketchum, a "front manager" for Frank Carbo, was facing the assailant when he beat Arel. But Ketchum said later that he did not see the man. Arel was taken to a hospital, where—with a bodyguard by his bedside—he recovered, except for an oddly specific damage to his powers of imagination. He had no idea, he said, who could have done the deed.

It has been noted, however, that in the months following, Arel paid \$13,000 for advertising in the magazine (since defunct) of the International Boxing Guild, an outfit with which he supposedly had been on bad terms. And that he seemed much more cooperative with the guild in all ways. As we saw in the first of these installments, the guild, the IBC and the Carbo group have common interests. Arel has not been bothered since.

DETROIT

It is ironic and even a little sad that James D. Norris' power in Detroit should be so unfeathered, for it was here that the whole Norris sports empire had its beginnings. The senior Norris realized his life's ambition for a National Hockey League franchise by buying the Detroit Red Wings, and the Detroit Olympia was one of the first of his subsequently great arena holdings. When Norris Jr. formed the International Boxing Club, it was separately incorporated (for antitrust reasons) in Michigan as well as New York and Illinois. Following the elder Norris' death in 1932 and the division of his estate among his three children, James Jr.'s sister Marquette and younger brother Bruce became the Olympia's owners and the IBC of Michigan was dissolved. Naturally, whenever the IBC of Illinois or New York wished to promote a match in Detroit, it did so at the Olympia; so the official end of the corporation meant little. But such matches became less and less frequent.

The Olympia, with its 16,000 seats, needed either big audiences or big television contracts to operate profitably. Michigan's tax on TV boxing receipts (formerly 10%, now reduced to 5%)

discouraged the latter possibility, even if a sufficiently rich sponsor could be found; and the cheaper television shows from the smaller Motor City Arena kept the big audiences at home. Consequently, today there is only an occasional card at the Olympia, the most recent being the Ray Robinson-Joe Risdone fight. Robinson used to live in Detroit and has a big following there, so it was a good location for the beginning of his "comeback." There was no television and 12,000 customers turned up. Such natural drawing cards are rare, however, and boxing adds little to the Olympia's profits from hockey, ice shows, the rodeo and similar house-fillers.

But there is no prosperity at Motor City either. In fact, there currently is no boxing there. But there will be again beginning this April and it is interesting to look at the auspices under which it will be carried on.

The leaseholder of record of the Motor City Arena and promoter of the fights that have been held there is Julius Piazza. He emigrated from Sicily in 1934, became a factory worker, drifted into the boxing business at the end of World War II, failed at it and was helped on his way again by a wealthy compatriot named Sam Finazzo. Finazzo is the owner of Motor City and one of his employees, Jimmy Quasariano, is Piazza's "25% partner," as Piazza admits. Among Detroit sports-writers and managers there is no real doubt that Finazzo is the man who controls the Motor City operations and who, through "fronts," controls many local boxers. An official of the Michigan State Athletic Board of Control told SI's correspondent that hidden ownership of fighters is the biggest problem the board faces and that "no contract the board holds is worth the paper it is written on."

Now, who is Sam Finazzo? He is a criminal whose record at the Detroit Police Department shows 29 notations, ranging from reckless driving through assault and battery, violation of the Selective Service Act, armed robbery, safe blowing, violation of the U.S. drug law, being a "con man," gambling and murder. And what does Sam Finazzo say? When questioned recently by SI's correspondent about his alleged control of Detroit boxing, he "stuck his cigar in his mouth, looked at me coldly and said, 'Oh, what the hell! ... A lot of people don't like Sam Finazzo, so I get all kinds of bum beefs. I got other businesses—why should I waste my time on the cheap prize-fight racket?'"



BENNY FORD, the San Francisco promoter, welcomes a new ally, Jim Norris.

And it is quite true that for a man of Finazzo's means—as it is true for James D. Norris also—the money to be had from boxing is not important. Motor City has scraped along with only a small profit, and that it had any profit at all was due to its Tuesday night TV program, which was sponsored by the Pfeiffer Brewing Company.

A few weeks ago, unable to keep its Detroit TV outlet for the show because of a network programming conflict, Pfeiffer cancelled and Motor City went dark. *Sic transit gloria* Tuesday, and also Julius Piazza and Motor City. In April the TV outlet will be available again, and Pfeiffer has signed for a new series of 24 Tuesday cards. The moral may be that beer and razor-blade account executives have more power over boxing, and hence more moral responsibility for it, than they are prepared to realize.

CHICAGO

Here the IBC began. Here (in a suburb) lives Arthur Wirtz, a heavy stockholder but a modest fellow withal, one who prefers to be identified with such innocent diversions as ice shows. Here (on the South Side) lives Truman Gibson Jr., the well-educated,

continued on next page

BOXING *continued*

conscientiously public-spirited and progressive secretary of the IBC who—one can only suppose to his perpetual surprise—so often finds himself involved with gamblers and gangsters. And here lived James D. Norris before he moved on to the richer excitements and yeastier companions that he found in New York.

The IBC of Illinois and the IBC of New York run on parallel tracks. We have been on that ride; and what has been reported about it in earlier installments applies equally, with a few changes in names and geography, to the situation of boxing in Chicago.

SAN FRANCISCO

In cities like Cleveland, Cincinnati and Indianapolis, SI's local correspondents found that boxing was relatively free of criminal influences; and the reason commonly given, with all respect for these smaller promoters who may well be men of unassailable virtue, was that in the TV era there is so little boxing in these places that there really is no incentive for the syndicate to eat in.

San Francisco, certainly, is one of the most active boxing centers in the U.S. The report of SI's correspondent there is all the more astonishing: "The ring activities in the Bay area (San Francisco, Oakland and Richmond) are free from any Eastern or Los Angeles ties when the term is applied to pay-offs and control. Only when the International Boxing Club of New York and Illinois comes in with a Wednesday or a Friday night television show or when Ray Arcel lands an occasional Saturday night TV show does the East make deals. Those deals are strictly matchmaking details and percentage arrangements . . . Strange as it may seem to New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, the controlling power in San Francisco boxing is not vested in a single undercover operator. Instead it is run by an apparently legitimate manager, Sid Flaherty. Flaherty, through the simple machination of holding the contract of World Middleweight Champion Bobo Olson, calls the tune for the IBC, and they dance. It's that simple."

If Flaherty is not quite the answer to Diogenes' search, he is the closest thing to it that one is likely to find in boxing anywhere in the U.S. His local monopoly is as tight as the IBC's in the latter's own centers of power. Local promoters, such as Benny Ford—a nonentity until Flaherty sponsored him—exist by his sufferance, and their

actions must meet with his tacit approval. Nevertheless, as readers of SI's recent article about him (Dec. 27) know, Flaherty is a true anomaly: an almost ascetic man who genuinely cares about the health and welfare of his fighters, and who has been so shrewd in choosing and developing them that he has acquired the largest stable of first-rate boxers in the country, with Olson as its star. Nervously watching his rise, the IBC tried time and again during the past few years to compromise him. Flaherty simply refused to be drawn into the Norris apparatus, until at last, only a month ago, he finally signed a three-year contract whereby he will co-promote IBC fights in the

West and the IBC will in turn handle promotions for him in the Midwest and the East. This move reflected Flaherty's realistic opinion of what was best for himself and his fighters—not best for Norris and his underworld friends. It was not a surrender, but rather a hard-bitten piece of Realpolitik.

In one aspect, this outcome shows how inexorably the IBC sooner or later gets what it wants, even if this requires the use of fair means. But in another it shows that a talented and stubborn man can still buck the IBC and finally bring it to terms; and by doing so, Flaherty has become a symbol of hope to many managers. It



FUN-LOVING BARE McCoy hoists hantaweight Kenny Teran as Promoter Cal Eaton looks on. This was in 1932 before Kenny succumbed to dope habit. McCoy bank-rolled the young Mexican-American

and he did not forgive him, even after Teran had broken the habit. A fortnight ago McCoy forced Teran into an overmatch with Billy Pracock. "I want to see Teran get his block knocked off," McCoy said. Teran did.

remains to be seen, of COIT, of the Flaherty's trafficking with his former enemy may yet end in his being slowly compromised and absorbed.

LOS ANGELES

We are on familiar ground again in Southern California, the territory of the candid Babe McCoy, whose testimony was cited at the beginning of this survey. McCoy is matchmaker at the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium where, as SI's correspondent reports, "A fight mob . . . still looks like Victor Hugo's congress of thieves about to crown the Black Pope and if there is an honest man in the business no one knows who he is." McCoy, an immensely fat (285 pounds), toad-shaped, vicious and vindictive man, not only arranges the matches at this leading auditorium, "the Madison Square Garden of Los Angeles," but is generally believed to have "pieces" of many of the best local fighters. The rest are mostly under the control of his nephew, Sparky Rudolph, matchmaker at the smaller Ocean Park Arena.

McCoy is not the real McCoy in more ways than one. His real name is Harry Rudolph and he has a police record dating back to 1920 in New York, where he was arrested and given suspended sentences twice for receiving stolen goods, pleaded guilty to petit larceny and received another suspended sentence. By 1940 McCoy had established himself in California for good and had become matchmaker at Ocean Park. But he had not changed his habits or his friends. In that year an old friend named Cecil Innes, a recently paroled bank robber, looked him up and borrowed money to go to San Francisco, where he robbed the Clift Hotel. But easy come, easy go; Innes soon was broke again, so McCoy took him in as a house guest. Around that same period other guests were Izzy Shaman (aka Shannon) and his wife, and Shaman's criminal record was almost as impressive as Innes', so this made a cozy den of thieves.

Innes left after a year, but he continued to visit at the McCoy house. One night, as he testified later, he told McCoy that he and some friends were planning to rob a home of jewels and fur. They did so on the night of Feb. 16, 1942 and—Innes testified—brought the loot to McCoy, who drove to downtown Los Angeles and fended the jewels for \$1,400. There was corroborative testimony to this from other witnesses.

But McCoy was acquitted; and afterward the state athletic commission did not seem to take it amiss that by

his own admission he had been living and consorting with convicted bank robbers, fur thieves and holdup men. Nor did the commission seem to mind when, in later years, he was a friend and companion of Mickey Cohen, Los Angeles' leading gangster—who, incidentally, was the killer of Maxie Shaman, youngest brother of Izzy. (Izzy and Maxie had called on Cohen to protest a terrible beating Cohen had given to Joe, a third Shaman brother. Cohen held them covered with a gun, ordered Izzy from the room, shot and killed Maxie. Izzy, waiting outside, heard the shots, flung his own gun into some bushes and fled. Cohen was acquitted on grounds of "self-defense.") On at least one occasion known to the police, Cohen held a business meeting at McCoy's apartment.

The Babe's nominal superior is Alvah (Cal) Eaton, leaseholder and promoter at the Olympic Auditorium and a man, these days, of considerable social polish. SI's correspondent reports: "Eaton was not always one of California's first citizens. In fact, his first wife testified in her divorce hearing that he was a smalltime gym hanger-outer who eked out less than a living selling tickets to wrestling matches. . . He and his bride lived with his parents and his grandparents. He went to night law school but spent as much nighttime playing pool, his wife said. In the early forties Eaton became an inspector for the boxing commission, which is to say he would serve on a per diem basis, counting the house, checking the dressing room for health regulations or verifying the eligibility of fighters. And in the middle of the war something occurred to Cal: even bad fights were doing bonanza business." He took a lease on the Olympic, made an arrangement with McCoy as matchmaker and has been prospering ever since. His son married the daughter of Governor Goodwin Knight, a tie to the Statehouse which Eaton finds both socially and professionally gratifying.

He is on the friendship terms too with Anthony P. Entenza, chairman of the state athletic commission, and with some of Los Angeles County's leading law enforcement officials. The law has been notably tolerant toward box-

ers in Los Angeles. A few months ago Ramon Fuentes, the California welterweight champion, was accused by a friend of breaking his nose in a saloon fight—a serious charge, since under California law it is an automatic felony (assault with a deadly weapon) for a prize fighter to strike anyone with his fist. Fuentes was arrested; but then the district attorney's office discovered that the slugger had not been Fuentes after all, but another man who was present. Earlier, Fuentes had been arrested for drunk driving, but was let off—in time to keep his date to fight Johnny Saxton—when it developed that he had been merely overtired, not drunk at all. The same good fortune attended Art Aragon, star of the McCoy-Eaton stable, when he too was charged with hitting a man in a barroom brawl—a policeman at that. The next week the policeman withdrew the charge, so Aragon was not prosecuted.

As for the Entenza friendship, some suspicious Angelinos believe it played a part in what happened to Clayton Frye. Frye is the athletic commission's secretary. He is a career man in the state public service, and takes his job seriously. One of his duties is to supervise the inspections which are supposed to ensure that matchmakers and promoters conduct their business by the commission's rules. At the Olympic Auditorium he came across eight separate violations. One was that McCoy had matched a fighter named Mario Trigo who had an undiagnosed eye injury—possibly a detached retina. Other violations involved ineligible fighters, some of whom had not had a physical examination or who had fought too short a time before. Frye dutifully filed his objections. At the request of Babe McCoy and Cal Eaton, the California State Athletic Commission (Anthony P. Entenza, chairman) thereupon barred its own secretary from the Olympic's dressing rooms.

It is perhaps needless to add to all the foregoing that IBC fights in Los Angeles are staged in partnership with the Eaton-McCoy local combine.

Our coast-to-coast tour can be summarized in a sentence: Boxing today is a national scandal. (END)

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE ABOUT BOXING?

In forthcoming issues SI will continue its examination of boxing's dirty business and will suggest some ways and means of cleaning it up



CORNERING FAST, THE SPEEDSTER SHOWS A STEEP LEAN WHICH, HOWEVER, LEAVES DRIVER'S CONTROL VIRTUALLY UNAFFECTED

MOTOR SPORTS

THE SURPRISING SPEEDSTER

Studebaker's latest looks like a family coupe, but it's as hot a sporting car as anything Detroit has yet turned out

by JOHN BENTLEY

THE gleaming car above, nonehappily going into a controlled slide, is no ordinary family coupe but the most interesting postwar automobile built by Studebaker. I will go further and say it is the most interesting product of one of the most progressive American manufacturers in terms of true design, as opposed to styling. It has the lowest center of gravity and roll center of any domestic hard-top, and although the suspension, relatively soft in sports car terms, is obeying centrifugal force through a marked lean, I was almost unaware of this condition.

In fact, anything that today's new sporting Detroit roadsters can do by way of cornering, acceleration, braking and speed, the Studebaker President Speedster will do just as well. Given a 10-inch-shorter wheelbase, it would do them even better. Certainly it deserves to be classed with this new breed.

The President is a revival of a model name that brought Studebaker outstanding kudos, even during the depression years. Then a 336-cubic-inch straight eight, it took 115 stock car records in 1928 by covering 30,000 miles in 26,326 minutes on the boards

at Atlantic Speedway. In 1932 a President-powered Special driven by Cliff Bergere finished third at Indianapolis; a year later Studebakers placed seventh, ninth, 10th, 11th, and 12th. With this backlog it was not surprising that two years ago this veteran firm got the jump on the industry with a beautiful, low-slung new car styled by Raymond Loewy. A rising nationwide sports car consciousness should have boosted sales to new records. It didn't, because womenfolk directly influence seven automobile sales out of 10, and wives thought the new car, among other things, insubstantially bright in the chrome department. Also, Studebaker's low, sleek, Italian-type headline necessitated moving the engine well back. This improved weight distribution, but it also stunted rear leg room, despite a longer wheelbase. The ladies didn't like that either.

A DAZZLING BULWARK

The new President, built on the same chassis (but with a 27-cubic-inch-larger engine than the 1953 Commander), suffers from the same drawback; but the feminine element is taking more kindly to the dazzling front bulwark of chrome. That's the authentic sales story I got from Mr. John Schroepfer, sales manager of Manor Motors Inc., the Great Neck (Long Island), N.Y. Studebaker dealer who lent me the Speedster. Mr. Schroepfer has

SPECIFICATIONS

engine and chassis

No. of cylinders	V8
Bore	3.56 in.
Stroke	3.25 in.
Displacement	270.2 cu. in.
Compression ratio	7.5:1
Maximum output	185 bhp @ 4,300 rpm
Bore-stroke ratio	1:91
Bhp per cu. in.	.71
Valves	Overhead pushrod
Carburetor	Carter, Type WCFB 2214-S four-barrel downdraft
Transmission	Studebaker-Borg-Warner automatic
Overall ratios	Drive: 3.34 1st: 5.06 2nd: 8.14 3rd: 5.54
Rear axle ratio	3.54
Piston speed @ 4,300 rpm	2,417 fpm
Maximum torque @ 2,800 rpm	238 lb.-ft.
Mph per 1,000 rpm / Drive	24.33

Weight (car tested, with 6 U.S. gallons)	3,320 lbs.
Power weight ratio	19.62 lbs./bhp
Turning diameter	49 ft. (left) 41 ft. (right)
Steering wheel turn lock to lock	41°
Tire size	7.10 x 13
Brake lining area	192.25 sq. in.
Gas tank capacity (U.S. gallons)	18

measurements

Wheelbase	120 1/2 in.
Tread (front)	56 1/2 in.
Tread (rear)	55 1/2 in.
Overall length	204 1/2 in.
width	70 1/2 in.
height	57 1/2 in.
Minimum ground clearance	6 1/2 in.
Rear window area	910 sq. in.
Maximum interior width	59 in.

been selling Studebakers for 25 years.

The Speedster's "Pneumaster" engine is identical with that of the President but with a pertinent addition: a dual exhaust system. In conjunction with an optional 8:1 compression ratio (also available in the President) this results in 10 more horsepower. At 185 hp the Speedster's engine is unstressed, yet in power-weight ratio the car ranks with the top six automobiles in the industry, regardless of power. With basic modifications, 230 hp should be obtainable, giving a power-weight ratio of about 15 pounds per hp—far superior to that of most production sports cars and better, even, than that of the new 275-hp Packard which now appears to top the domestic list.

Getting a Speedster to test wasn't easy. Not even Studebaker's New York office had one. The car was introduced last fall as the result of dealer demand for a customized sporting version of the President. Studebaker built 850 of these cars and all were snapped up. Now another hatch is scheduled for February production.

The test car showed only 28 miles on the odometer, but the factory assured me that, provided there was normal (not break-in) oil in the engine, I could open it up momentarily without harm. So I did. Despite an obvious stiffness, the Speedster quickly jumped to an indicated 90 mph it will cruise all day at 70 mph, which is only about 2,850 rpm. It rides very comfortably to the accompaniment of a pleasantly muted exhaust humble, while even tight bends can be in high-speed sports car style with perfect safety. Heavier shock absorbers to counter that "lacy lean" when cornering are easily available (I installed them with very good results on my Studebaker), but it might be a good idea for the factory to list them as optional, thus entering directly to the enthusiast.

POWER BRAKES AND STEERING

The Speedster is equipped with the usual supermarket shopping aids—power brakes and steering and automatic transmission. The power brakes are totally unnecessary. They are even dangerous, boasting by 40%; the application of already excellent brakes which are self-energizing and self-centering. The first time I trod the brake pedal, using normal foot pressure, there was a dreadful shriek of tortured tires, followed by a cloud of pungent rubber smoke. Only the steering wheel prevented me from bumping my head on the windshield. As for power steering, that is for those who like it. Last year

I owned a Commander with normal steering and a special Pitman arm which raised the ratio, yet the wheel still turned easily and lightly because engine weight is not squarely on the front wheels.

The Borg-Warner automatic shift is just as good in the Studebaker as in any other car, with the usual "park," "neutral," "drive," "low" and "reverse" positions. If you tromp the throttle in "low," the car spins its wheels on dry concrete, then takes off with a head-snapping jolt that is joy to the enthusiast. In the normal "drive" position, there is still an exhilarating "dig-out" sensation as you step on the gas. With this kind of kick-down getaway, the transmission upshifts out of low at about 37 mph and out of intermediate gear at some 70 mph. To get full benefit of a downshift into intermediate, it is inadvisable to floor the gas pedal much above 50 mph. You then have plenty of reserve acceleration for emergency passing.

The Speedster's driving position is just fine, with Grand Prix car vision and an ideally raked steering wheel. The disconcerting feature of all power steering is its remote feeling of feather-lightness, rather akin to turning on ice. This calls for a kid glove touch that takes some of the fun out of driving. Also, front leg room in the Speedster is adequate only with the seat moved fully back (four inches), providing 20 inches between seat edge and pedals.

The instruments, rounded in sports car style, are set in a panel of engine-turned stainless steel and include a 160-mph speedometer and 8,000-rpm tachometer—a gratifying measure of optimism! The pillarless hard-top body is upholstered in cream leather and finished (optionally) in two-tone green and mustard or ivory and charcoal gray. However, the Speedster's \$3,809 price tag obviously disregards anything but a specialized market.

PERFORMANCE AT A GLANCE

Acceleration	0—30 mph: 3.9 sec.
through gear—	0—50 mph: 8.5 sec.
	0—60 mph: 10.5 sec.

(Drive
& Intermediate: 30—50 mph: 4.5 sec.
Maximum speed obtained 90 mph
Maximum speed
(estimated @ 4,500 rpm) 110 mph
Brake test (macadam
surface) From 30 mph: 28 ft. 6 in.
Gas consumption (including medium
traffic and all tests) 15.2 mpg
Weather: Fair; cold, with temperatures
around 32°; strong wind
Speedometer correction: At 60 mph
shows 62 mph, 5% fast

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March 10, 11, 12



National FIGURE SKATING Championships

AT BRO'DMOOR
March 30, 31—April 1, 2

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Mother and Father, Brother and
Sister... everybody benefits when
everybody gives the united way.

TIP FROM THE TOP



For high-handicap players
but useful for all golfers

from **JOE BELFORE**, pro at the Country Club of Detroit

Most golfers are afraid of sand traps; yet, once you understand the technique of playing from sand, it is really not fearsome at all. The trap shot is played with a sand iron and is executed with a three-quarters swing. The golfer stands with his feet and his upper body definitely open, facing slightly to the left of his target. His swing follows along that general line, to the left of the target. The face of the club, however, is kept a shade open and faces directly on the target.

This is the groundwork for making the shot, and now there are four important points about the actual execution for the golfer to remember and to practice: 1) Pick out a spot two to four inches behind the ball and concentrate on hitting that spot, disregarding the ball. 2) Get accustomed to the fact that the distance you will hit the shot will be determined by your hand speed through the ball and not by the length of your swing. 3) From a bad lie, when you must work to get the club face under the ball, plan to have the club enter the sand four to six inches behind the ball, exerting more hand speed (or power) on the downswing than usual. 4) Always follow through quite fully.

In this last connection, I get a lot of complaints from people who say they can't get out of a sand trap. Well, they quit. If they follow through, they'll get out.



NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: GENE SARAZEN ON SHALLOW-FACE WOODS

THE BOUNDING BAY FROM BEANTOWN

His name is Boston Doge, and outside of New England he was totally unknown. Now at Hialeah he's the hottest horse around

by ALBION HUGHES

HIALEAH, FLORIDA

AN OBSCURE 3-year-old from Beantown, name of Boston Doge, has caused more excitement opening week at Hialeah than if Ben Hur and his chariot had suddenly put in an appearance at the track.

Unheard of and unknown except on the New England circuit, the unbeaten sleeper, owned by Paul Andolino and trained by his brother Frank, came to the races opening day with a record of five straight wins. He promptly made it six by taking the secondary feature, and on Saturday ran up his seventh straight by romping home in the Hibiscus by three and one half lengths.

Rags-to-riches horses are no novelty, but it is not often that a real sensation appears to upset the top echelon. This horse has atomized the Florida turf world. Such racing satchmen as Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, Bill Winfrey, who trains for Alfred Vanderhilt, and the usually taciturn Bert Mulholland, impresario of the George E. Widener stable, are taking Boston Doge seriously indeed. All three said exactly the same thing, "I wish I had him," and he's being talked about everywhere as serious competition to the champions of the 3-year-old division, Nashua and Summer Tan.

The Andolino brothers are sort of used to horses. They once ran a big livery stable in north Boston. Paul got interested in thoroughbreds about 1938, watching them run at Rockingham and Suffolk. The only Andolino horses on the track in those days were the dray horses pulling the scrapers and the starting gates, but that year Paul made a lucky claim for \$2,300 in a mare named Lady Bewithus by Bewithus, a Bradley-bred horse, so the Andolinos were in business. Boston Doge is her grandson. His sire, The Doge, was a good sprinter a few years back, but his dam is Boeten Lady, with distance blood in her veins inherited from her pappy, Isolater, winner of the Manhattan Handicap in 1938 at

a mile and a half and second to Cravat in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at two miles in 1939. Isolater was a Fitzsimmons-trained horse, one reason Mr. Fitz doesn't underestimate the potential threat.

Even the most partisan horse player couldn't say that Boston Doge is much to look at. A dark bay, almost black, he's just another horse until he gets away. Then he's sensational.

He has perfect action, powerful hind quarters, and the only question is how far he will go. So far he's only run in sprints and he has yet to meet a really top horse, although twice in a week he put away Dark Ruler. He's headed for the Derby, by the Flamingo. Next stop is the Bahamas at seven eighths.

DEAD-PAN AND CONFIDENT

Last year you could have bought him for \$7,500. The brothers were trying to retrench, but nobody would play. Just before last Saturday's Hibiscus, Frank Andolino turned down an offer of \$120,000. A squat, stocky little Boston Italian with iron-gray hair, Frank is as short as a jockey and so dead-pan that it was a surprise to discover that he could smile when he accepted the trophy in the winner's circle. Dead-pan he may be, but confident he is too. He says he's going to win the Kentucky Derby, and at this moment most of south Florida agrees with him. I can't go that far but I don't think anything will beat the colt up to a mile. After that I'll keep my fingers crossed.

The Andolinos haven't even got stable room at Hialeah. They are over at more proletarian Tropical Park and the colt is vanned to the races. I had a time locating him; neither he nor his stable are listed at the gate.

According to stable foreman Clements Eaton, the colt is levelheaded, will do exactly what he's told and his only quirk is a dislike of sweets. He's so average he's almost too good to be



BOSTON DOGE AT HIALEAH

true. But that doesn't keep him from being a threat to the champs.

Equally sensational is his rider, Willie Hartack, the 22-year-old boy from Johnstown, Pa. who was tops on the Jersey circuit last year, mowed 'em down in New York and has racked up nine winners in his first week in Florida, four of them on Saturday. Everything he rides gets a play whether it figures or not.

While Boston Doge has been making hay and history, Summer Tan and Nashua have been breezing along quite unconcerned about the new threat to their sovereignty. I saw Nashua the other morning just after his exercise boy, Bill McCreary, had breezed him in his first mile work. Stripped in his stall he looked wonderful, and he will definitely start in an overnight race sometime before the Flamingo. A few minutes later I saw Summer Tan, his rival and top weight in the Experimental Free Handicap, stripped in his stall; and after seeing them both I wondered how Jimmy Kilroe could possibly have found a pound difference. I can't split them on looks any more than I could on performance last year.

Prominent among the debutantes who will visit Hialeah is a young lady named Cy's First, the very first foal of the mighty Citation. Owned by Dick Andrade and Mrs. B. G. Byars, Texans both, she'll race from the By-And Stable, whose colors are gold with an outline of the state of Texas in black centered with a Lone Star. Cy's First will be trained by W. A. Kelley, who says enthusiastically that "she can fly." Undoubtedly she'll point for the Juvenile Stakes Feb. 23. Her dam is Flitaway, kind of speedy herself in more ways than one. Cy's First's natal day was Jan. 17. Just last week Flitaway had her 1955 foal.

Betting and attendance at Hialeah during the first week are up over last year. More than 21,000 saw Boston Doge win at one to three. (END)

TRAVEL—When Cunard offered color reproductions of its SPORTS ILLUSTRATED page ad, Ad & Pub. Mgr. Howard Kramer reported, "Our random sampling of the first 1,600 replies showed that over 60% of those who mentioned a publication saw the ad in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED."

"An impressive number came from persons of means—corperation & bank presidents, lawyers, doctors, movie executives, editors, army officers, engineers, other professional people—logical prospects for first-class passage to Europe on one of the 'Queens.'"

SWIMMING POOLS Koven's adjectives for the response to their fall ad (\$4,000 steel pools (3 23 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED) is "excellent." Requests for Koven's booklet were still coming in daily many weeks later.

GOLF CLUBS—George Sayers' SPORTS ILLUSTRATED ad for custom-built golf clubs (starting at \$250 a set) inspired a Honolulu doctor en route to New York to make a special side trip to Pa. for a set, 17 other people to order the clubs outright, 377 more to write for measurement charts and the requests were still coming in 2 months later. The results inspired Sayers to call this the best response he's ever received from a magazine ad.

WOMEN'S SPORTSWEAR—For I. Magnin, Los Angeles, a tie-in with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's 3-page color story on jockey silks "created more action in the young sportswear department than we've had in two years," completely sold out a line of sweaters & skirts made especially for the promotion. Magnin's Beverly Hills store did a normal month's worth of business the second day.

MEN'S JEWELRY Anson's pre-Christmas ad in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED appeared in no other magazine. The mail return—tested at consumer, retail and distributor levels—according to Anson (who has been using mass media primarily) was the biggest in its history.

BOWLING BALLS—Stowe-Woodward's booklet offer (part of a 2-column SPORTS ILLUSTRATED ad for Ebonite balls) pulled 112 requests in four weeks, a return Stowe-Woodward reported "substantially ahead" of other publications of larger circulation carrying the same ad.

HANDCRAFTS—One of the odds & ends featured in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's pre-Christmas story on gifts for sportsmen came from The Vermont Workshop in Woodstock. Results at the 10-day mark: 108 actual orders, 260 requests for catalogs, many just plain complimentary letters. (The same story sold 158 fluorescent vests for L. L. Bean and drew 150 responses for Carroll Reed Ski Shops in New Hampshire.)

SHOES Brown Shoe, who makes Pedwin, gives its once-a-month back covers on SPORTS ILLUSTRATED credit for: (1) upping requests from dealers for toe-in materials by 75-80%, (2) giving a Cleveland dealer one of his biggest months in history (one shoe sold so fast he had to re-order 3 times), (3) bringing in more response from consumers and dealers than Pedwin's advertising had ever had before. Said Pedwin's top salesman, "I believe our tie-up with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is the finest thing that has happened since the beginning of Pedwin."

GOLF CARTS & ROLLER SKATES

Just four days after A J Industries' first 35-line ad ran in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, they'd received orders from stores all over the country for A J Golf Carts & Roll-King Roller Skates (among them, Ivey's in Orlando, Sakowitz in Houston, Rote Bros. in San Francisco). A J Industries scheduled 10 more of the same.

FOREIGN CARS Broden's healthy batch of inquiries from all over the country, British car-maker Rootes Motors can actually confirm the sale of 7 cars through its Park Ave., N.Y. showroom alone—the direct result of the first Sunbeam-Talbot ad in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, a square column that cost Rootes \$1150.

MEN'S SWEATERS & SOCKS

Towne & King's column in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—their very first national advertising—not only produced an impressive response from consumers, but opened up outlets in areas where they'd never made sales calls, particularly on the East Coast where they'd had little or no distribution.

SPORT JACKETS

A SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Sporting Look essay on sport jackets, accompanied by a color photo of an expensive J. Press customer, brought these happy results: for J. Press (Madison Ave., New York) 5 orders of this custom-made jacket (\$175 ea.), sales of other merchandise running between \$500 & \$1000 apiece, many new customers, introduced to J. Press through the Sporting Look story... sport-jacket-week tie-ins with exclusive Men's Apparel Forum stores... and for men's shops all over the U.S., a surge of interest & sales for sport jackets inspired directly by the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED story.

LIFE INSURANCE—A full-page ad offering a booklet to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers brought John Hancock the lowest cost per thousand inquiries of any magazine carrying the copy. John Hancock was impressed enough with the results to repeat the ad and schedule another page for early '55.

WOMEN'S BLOUSES—This result story was told very simply in a P. S. from one of Enid, Oklahoma's commercial photographers. On his bill for a picture of Newman's tie-up with a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Ship 'n Shore ad, he wrote: "This display really sold the blouses!"

BATTERIES—This proof that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's audience is a true leisure market from Span-O-Life Corp.: "Rather than just request additional information, our many SPORTS ILLUSTRATED respondents took the time to write a letter telling us they'd seen our ad in your magazine."

SPORTS CATALOGS—L. L. Bean, old hand at mail-order, stopped to count 462 replies to a 35-line SPORTS ILLUSTRATED ad, reported orders for the catalog were still coming in a month after the ad ran. Wrote Bean's ad director, "We consider this a good response for a weekly, and plan to repeat our ad."

CLOCKS—The "overwhelming number of orders" a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED ad brought Sessions for its new Aquarius clock (an "unusually high number" of them from doctors) promised to keep Sessions in business for some time. Said they, "We will go absolutely mad trying to keep up with deliveries of this clock."

HUNTING CATALOGS—Abercrombie & Fitch were so impressed with the quantity (27 phone calls came in the first day) and the quality of the respondents to their first one-column SPORTS ILLUSTRATED ad, they immediately followed it up with another.

GOLF CARS—Autoette's first SPORTS ILLUSTRATED ad on the Golfmobile—a two-passenger golf car Autoette had been advertising for a year and a half—delivered more inquiries than any other three publications advertised in that month.

SPORTS CARS—A single announcement ad in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED sold two \$6000 Arnolt-Bristol sports cars the first two days after it appeared. Later the total rose to 12—a \$72,000 selling job for a \$3100 ad.

POCKET CUSHIONS—A 35-line ad, aided by customary merchandising preview for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's list of leading retailers, brought Products Unlimited major orders from 12 new & important outlets for its Pocket-Cushion. Cost of the ad, \$315.

BUT PERHAPS the biggest result of all is that the publication of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—the first new weekly magazine to appear on the publishing scene in a generation, at the crest of the changing American market—has brought together for America's advertisers the young, alert, successful families who have been able to produce, in less than six months of this magazine's young life, results like these.

There are now 575,000 families reading SPORTS ILLUSTRATED every week. Give them the chance to produce results for you. William W. Holman, Advertising Director, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y.

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

January 28 through February 6

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28

Basketball

(Leading college games)
San Francisco vs. Stanford, San Francisco
Utah St. vs. Utah, Logan, Utah
(Professional)
Boston vs. Syracuse, Boston

Boxing

● George Johnson vs. Raymond Fuentes, middleweights, The Arena, Philadelphia (10 rds., 11 p.m. (NBC))

Golf

PGA Sr. championship, Danden, Fla.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Fordham vs. Seton Hall, New York
Illinois vs. Loyola, Mchiglin St. vs. DePaul, Chicago Stadium
Navy vs. Maryland, Annapolis, Md.
N. Carolina St. vs. Villanova, Raleigh, N.C.
● Ohio St. vs. Northwestern, Columbus, O., 3 p.m. (CBS)
Purdue vs. Minnesota, Lafayette, Ind.
San Francisco vs. California, Stanford vs. Santa Clara, Cow Palace, San Francisco
● Temple vs. Penn State, La Salle vs. St. Joseph's, Convent Hall, Phila., 7:30 p.m. (Mutual)
Vanderbilt vs. Kentucky, Nashville, Tenn. (Professional)
● Minneapolis vs. Ft. Wayne, Minneapolis, 3 p.m. (NBC)
New York vs. Milwaukee, New York
Rochester vs. Philadelphia, Rochester, N.Y.

Billiards

Wilde Mason vs. Joe Piacola, for world pocket billiards title, final day, Chicago.

Hockey

Chicago vs. Detroit, St. Louis
Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal
Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Santa Anita Maternity, \$100,000, 1½ m., 4 yr. olds, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

Ice Skating

Natl. outdoor speed skating championships, St. Paul, Minn.

Sailing

Sir Thomas Lipton Cup, Miami, Fla.

Skiing

N. American Ski Jumping & Combined championships, St. Paul, Minn.
USEASA cross-country relay championships, Lebanon, N.H.
Snow Cup giant slalom, Alta, Utah

Track & Field

Boston AA meet, Boston.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30

Basketball

Boston vs. Milwaukee, Boston
Ft. Wayne vs. Minneapolis, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, Syracuse, N.Y.

Golf

Palm Springs Invitational final, Palm Springs, Calif.

Hockey

Boston vs. Toronto, Boston
Chicago vs. New York, Chicago
Detroit vs. Montreal, Detroit

MONDAY, JANUARY 31

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Duquesne vs. Niagara, Pittsburgh
Geo. Washington vs. Duke, Washington, D.C.
Georgia Tech vs. Kentucky, Atlanta, Ga.
Michigan St. vs. Purdue, E. Lansing, Mich.
Ohio St. vs. St. John's, Columbus, O.
(Professional)
New York vs. Ft. Wayne, Milwaukee vs. Rochester, Milwaukee.

Boxing

● Gene Fullmer vs. Marcel Assire, middleweights, Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds., 10 p.m. (ABC local blackout))
● Unfille Zulueta vs. Danny Jo Perez, lightweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.) 10 p.m. (Du Mont)
Paddy DelMarco vs. Seraphin Fener, lightweights, Palais des Sports, Paris (10 rds.)

Ice Skating

Final Olympic speed skating trials, St. Paul, Minn.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1

Basketball

Iowa St. vs. Missouri, Ames, Ia.
N. Carolina St. vs. Virginia, Raleigh, N.C.
W. Kentucky vs. Dayton, Bowling Green, Ky.

Sailing

Miami-Nassau yacht race, Miami

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Duquesne vs. Westminster, Pittsburgh
Georgetown vs. La Salle, Washington, D.C.
TCU vs. Texas A.M., Fort Worth, Tex.
(Professional)
Rochester vs. Ft. Wayne, Rochester, N.Y.
Boston vs. Philadelphia, New Haven, Conn.
New York vs. Minnesota, Minn., N.D.

Hockey

Chicago vs. Boston, Chicago.

Horse Racing

San Carlos Handicap, \$30,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.
Bahamas Handicap, \$15,000, 7 f. (chrs), 3-yr.-olds up, Hialeah Pk., Fla.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Geo. Washington vs. Furman, Washington, D.C.
● Seton Hall vs. Cincinnati, St. John's vs. Manhattan, Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y., 9:15 p.m. (Mutual)
(Professional)
Milwaukee vs. Rochester, Ft. Wayne vs. Syracuse, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Minneapolis vs. New York, Minneapolis.

Golf

Phoenix Open, Phoenix, Ariz.

Hockey

Detroit vs. Boston, Detroit
Montreal vs. Toronto, Montreal.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4

Basketball

(Leading college games)
N. Carolina vs. Duke, Chapel Hill, N.C.
Stanford vs. S. California, Stanford, Calif.
Syracuse vs. Holy Cross, Syracuse, N.Y.
UCLA vs. California, Los Angeles.
(Professional)
Boston vs. Syracuse, Boston
Philadelphia vs. Rochester, Philadelphia.

Boxing

● Kid Gavilan vs. Ernie Sarando, middleweights, Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Ice Yachting

Invitational regatta, Lake Winnebago, Wis.

Skiing

Dartmouth Winter Carnival, Hanover, N.H.

Tennis

Northwest men's indoor championships, Minneapolis.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Bowling Green vs. Duquesne, Bowling Green, O.
Cornell vs. Penn., Ithaca, N.Y.
Fordham vs. Villanova, New York
Illinois vs. Northwestern, Champaign, Ill.
● Iowa vs. Purdue, Iowa City, Ia., 3 p.m. (CBS)
Kentucky vs. Mississippi, Memphis, Tenn.
Kentucky vs. Georgetown, Temple vs. St. Joseph's, Convent Hall, Philadelphia
Michigan vs. Oklahoma, Columbia, Mo.
Niagara vs. Holy Cross, Canisius vs. Boston College, Memorial Auditorium, Buffalo, N.Y.
N. Carolina St. vs. Clemson, Raleigh, N.C.
Notre Dame vs. Loyola, Manhattan vs. DePaul, Chicago Stadium
Ohio St. vs. Indiana, Columbus, O.
Stanford vs. S. California, Stanford, Calif.
UCLA vs. California, Los Angeles
Wm. & Mary vs. Maryland, Williamsburg, Va.
Wisconsin vs. Michigan St., Madison, Wis.
(Professional)
Milwaukee vs. Milwaukee, Waterloo, Ia.
New York vs. Boston, New York
● Philadelphia vs. Ft. Wayne, Philadelphia, 3 p.m. (NBC)
Rochester vs. Syracuse, Rochester, N.Y.

Rebelding

Natl. AAU 2-man championship, Lake Placid, N.Y.

Hockey

Boston vs. Detroit, Boston
Montreal vs. New York, Montreal
Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto

Horse Racing

Midlanta Handicap, \$50,000, 1½ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hialeah Pk., Fla.
Santa Margarita Handicap, \$50,000, 1¼ m., 3-yr.-olds up, F. & M., Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

Sailing

Nassau Cup race, Nassau.

Skiing

Natl. jumping championships, Leavenworth, Wash.

Track & Field

● Milrose AA games, Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y., 7:30 p.m. (Mutual)
Wes Santee entered vs. Milrose Mtn.
Natl. AAU Sr. women's indoor championships, Chicago

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6

Basketball

Boston vs. Philadelphia, Boston
Ft. Wayne vs. Rochester, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Minneapolis vs. Milwaukee, Minneapolis
Syracuse vs. New York, Syracuse, N.Y.

Rebelding

Natl. AAU 4-man championship, Lake Placid, N.Y.

Hockey

Boston vs. Detroit, Boston
Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago
New York vs. Montreal, New York



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM POSED WITH INVENTOR NAISMITH (IN WHITE SHIRT) ON THE STEPS OF SPRINGFIELD GYMNASIUM IN 1891

YESTERDAY

FATHER BASKETBALL

by **GRACE
NAISMITH**

A relative recalls Dr. James Naismith as a preacher without a pastorate. His message was basketball, and it has traveled around the world for its inventor



JAMES NAISMITH, who was my father-in-law, didn't think of *everything*. He invented the game of basketball in December, 1891, but it was a while before he realized that the goals (baskets) should be bottomless. The early drawing of the game at left was made at The School for Christian Workers, a YMCA institution at Springfield, Mass. A Japanese student, G. S. Ishikawa, drew it and it shows a janitor sitting atop a ladder, ready to take the ball out of the peach-basket and put it back into play.

Still, Jim was a thinking man. He was a

Presbyterian minister, a professor and an M.D. He had 11 degrees, he told me, including one in Greek and one in music. He is, of course, remembered chiefly because he originated basketball. But his chief interest was not in the game itself; it lay in the people who played it. This I know because I found Jim Naismith easy to talk with. He looked like the highly moral—but in no sense stuffy—man that he was. His blue eyes were kind, with crinkles at the corners. He had a heavy mustache, which looked prickly. His head was a bit

square, as was his stocky, straight body. He had cauliflower ears, squashed from much boxing.

Jim told me quite a bit about himself. During adolescence he worked on his uncle's Ontario farm, driving teams, chopping trees and sawing logs. He believed this strenuous work developed his strong body. His recreation helped, too: hunting, hiking through the woods and skating. But after five years on the farm, he was dissatisfied with himself. He wanted to do for others and he suddenly realized he couldn't accomplish much in the world without a good education. He resolved to finish high school (which he had abandoned at the age of 14) and enter McGill University at Montreal with a view to becoming a minister.

By the time he graduated A.B. in 1887 Jim owned the highest awards given at McGill for all-round gym work. After graduation he became McGill's physical education director, thus assuring a source of income while he continued his studies. He graduated from the Presbyterian Theological College in Montreal in 1890.

In those days religion and athletics were an unusual combination. A football player named "Drunken" Donegan once called Jim a sissy for studying his Bible instead of going out on a spree. Naismith promptly knocked him flat. However, he was troubled by the rowdiness in sports which Donegan exemplified. Jim was beginning to wonder whether he could preach better in a gymnasium than from a pulpit. Sports, he thought, could be used to help boys from 16 to 21 who wanted to do things and found relatively little to do in a good environment. Finally, Jim decided to forgo a pastorate; he would, instead, teach clean living through sports. For this purpose, he entered the YMCA school in Springfield.



NAISMITH: DIVINITY STUDENT

There he played football under Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg, and though he weighed only 160 he must have made an impression. Jim asked Stagg one day why he had been put at center. "Jim," Stagg answered in a serious voice, "I play you at center because you can do the meanest things in the most gentlemanly way."

In school at the time were 18 gentlemen who were the despair of the physical education department. They were training to become secretaries to YMCA executives, but they resisted all exercise which was neither baseball nor football, maintaining that the gym work assigned to them in winter was an outrageous bore. Because Naismith had casually mentioned that a "new sport for winter" should be invented, he was asked to take over the recalcitrants and invent a sport for them. The challenge was made half in jest, but Naismith accepted it seriously. He had just two weeks in which to produce a solution to a problem which two other instructors had found insoluble.

After trying to adapt football to indoor play and discovering that tackling made it far too rugged a proposition, he conceived of a sport in which the ball would be passed instead of carried. The game of duck on the rock, in which a stone was knocked off a pedestal by throwing another stone, had been one of Jim's favorite childhood pastimes. Recollection of it suggested sending the ball toward the goal in a high curve. Jim conceived of placing a goal 10 feet above the floor at each end of the indoor playing area.

But what to use for goals? He studied the problem for a while and then asked the superintendent of buildings at Springfield, a Yankee named Stebbins, to see if he could find a couple of boxes about 18 inches square.

"What for?" Stebbins demanded, not unreasonably.

"I'm figuring out a game," Jim said, "and I need the boxes to put on poles, so that a large ball can be thrown in them." A while later Stebbins returned with two empty peach baskets. From them the game derived its name.

Naismith divided his class into teams of nine men. At first they resented being experimented with and showed no inclination to like his invention. But basketball soon became popular. News of it spread among Springfield students and faculty and as many as 200 sometimes came to watch games. The secretaries had discovered that trying to maneuver a soccer ball into a peach basket was surprisingly enjoyable. Within two years basketball spread to foreign countries.

A CHAOTIC MOB SCENE

Naismith's original idea had been not to limit the number of players. At Cornell, however, where Ed Hitchcock Jr. introduced the game to his 100 students simultaneously, a chaotic mob scene resulted. In 1895 play was specifically limited to five men on each team.

After five years at Springfield he went to Denver and attended the Gross Medical School, for which he met expenses by teaching gym classes at the YMCA. He took a position at the University of Kansas in 1898 and remained there as head of the physical education department over 40 years. He died November 28, 1939.

Jim never held a pastorate, although in 1938 he was called to McGill Theological Seminary and given the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Yet in his life he was always a pastor. I have by my bedside a small red leather Bible which Dr. Naismith and his wife gave my husband Jack (also a basketball coach) when he was in his teens. On the flyleaf is the date, May 7, 1917. All through the Bible are underlined passages recalling the ideals of Jim Naismith. They have become more revealing of his character as I have raised boys of my own—his grandsons—and have grown in maturity. And it was typical of Jim that he preached one of his occasional sermons, while at Springfield, with two shiners earned in a football game.

END



OUTDOOR GAME, complete with basket, was first played at Springfield in 1892. Naismith's pupils were unwilling to restrict the "winter game" to winter, and it was later moved indoors.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE BULL

Sirs:

As I am a member of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I realize there is nothing we can do about the peoples of other lands, but for Heaven's sake, keep this horrible thing out of the United States (SI, Jan. 17).

If you haven't already guessed, I and my colleagues are hopping mad! If you ever have a thing like this in your magazine again, we're going to throw it right out the back door!

THREE CHEERS FOR THE BULL. Incidentally, the bulls are better looking than the matadors you selected.

MRS. JO MILLER

St. Louis

LOVESICK

Sirs:

I have always wanted to see a bullfight but wondered if my stomach would take it. I now know. Thank you for showing me this "wonderful and terrible drama" with the opportunity of being sick in private.

Fifty cents says this brings as much mail as your first issue. Love you anyway.

MARY KNOX BRUNLEY

Baltimore

SPORTS UNILLUSTRATED

Sirs:

I wish my SPORTS had been UNILLUSTRATED this week.

MRS. KATHRYN H. HAMMER
Sumter, S.C.

ONE FOR THE COWS

Sirs:

I wonder how many letters you will get protesting the article and pictures on bullfighting. Add this to the total.

Hemingway, with all his noisy heros, has made the sport popular in this country, but it is still disgusting. If your writer had treated it in his article in a less romantic way, I wouldn't write this letter even though I am not interested any longer in a magazine that would print such a detailed article on sadistic butchery with such explicit and technically excellent pictures.

Grace the bullfighters may have, but why all this talk about courage? They might get killed, but they are well paid for the long odds against that possibility. The bulls honestly haven't got a chance, and they aren't brave either—they are just built that way.

Bullfighting just isn't civilized.

THOMAS TURNER

Walpole, N.H.

● Mail is heavy and nip and tuck pro and con.—ED.

LIFE AND MORE LIFE

Sirs:

As Chairman of the Long Distance Running Committee of the South Atlantic Association of the AAU, I have been tempted to tell you of the excellent start you have made.

There was the opening Duel of The Four-

Minute Men, the very important Tip That Led Bussister to Victory (I've been looking for more like it) and the recent Sportsman of the Year. SI has done a good job on an easily overlooked sport.

Yet these articles did not shake me into action. It is *Only the Brave* that inspires this letter. The Hemingway, Lea and Conrad world which was painted so beautifully but seemed so remote has come alive in pictures which demand a chorus of ohs. There is life even in the death of the bull. This life has put even mere life into an already breathless SI.

GEORGE S. BROWN

Baltimore

THROWING THE McMULLEN

Sirs:

Many thanks for your very fine piece on the art of throwing the bull. The pictures are terrific.

Enclosed is a photo I had the pleasure of taking last summer in the bull ring at Tijuana. The matador is Earl Rostrop of Brooklyn, and El Toro is Joe McMullen of Staten Island.

MIKE KOKETSKI

Brooklyn, N.Y.



JOE McMULLEN AND EARL ROSTROP

KAUFFMAN'S MASTERPIECE

Sirs:

Permit me to congratulate you upon reading that really great and magnificent story *Only the Brave* in the Jan. 17 issue. Needless to say that Kauffman's photos are masterpieces...

H. FISCHER

Chicago

KAUFFMAN IS NOT FOR BURNING

Sirs:

Were it not for the fact that I am making an intact collection of copies of your wonderful magazine, I should certainly carefully remove the color photo section *Only the Brave* and burn same.

No offense intended to your very capable photographer Mark Kauffman. The essay and drawings were quite informative and very interesting.

EARL LATIMER

Toronto

A GRIPE

Sirs:

May I gripe?

I don't eat tamales, don't wear huaraches and have not the slightest interest in bulls spewing blood. Why increase your Spanish circulation; I thought this was America's magazine...

R. GUTHRIE
Cache Trip Camp

Manchester, Vt.

● Tamales are an acquired taste.—ED.

GREAT PIECE, WRONG MAG

Sirs:

It was with great pleasure and much surprise that I read your article on bullfighting, *Only the Brave*. I say with great pleasure because, since I am an aficionado (my home is in Madrid, Spain), I always take much interest in anything that is concerned with bullfighting. I say with much surprise because, when I first picked up your SI issue of January 17 and saw the *torero* and the bull on the cover I was just about ready to tear the magazine up. The reason for my anger was the nerve and outrage of somebody putting an article on bullfighting in a sports magazine.

Most Americans do not realize that bullfighting is not a sport but rather a rare spectacle—or even better still, a great art. You hit it right on the nose when you said that to understand bullfighting one must have some "special knowledge somewhat like the special knowledge one must take to the ballet..." For bullfighting is an art like ballet, where one does not go to see whether the bull gets his man, but rather to see the breathtaking and artistic movements and actions of the *torero*.

Thanks for a great article in the wrong magazine. Even though the article did appear in a sports magazine, the word "sport" was not used once in the whole article.

BUTCH WAID

Hanover, N.H.

A WAY OF LIFE

Sirs:

Your article *Only the Brave* in the January 17 issue is to be commended and was very good as far as it went. I think that one of the things it failed to point out was the mass appeal that the bulls hold for the people of Spain and Mexico. People of every walk of life are drawn to the plaza on Sunday afternoon, by something we here in the United States cannot really comprehend—it is almost a way of life and thinking passed down through generations. To me there is nothing more tense, emotional and beautiful than a great performance in the bull ring.

Hoping for your continued success.

MRS. WILLIAM BAYNE JR.

Locust Valley, N.Y.

AUTHENTIC AND ERRORLESS

Sirs:

If accolades are to be heaped by Americans who love the art of bullfighting upon

your magazine, allow me to join with the others. For the first time in a long while we have an article written by a man who knows his subject matter. It is by far the most authentic and errorless presentation of the corrida appearing in an American magazine in many a long year. . . .

It is a pleasure to find a magazine of your stature doing such a creditable job of educating and reporting on this subject. Perhaps if I ever get finished with a book I'm writing on *las toras*, there will be less prejudice and the ground I tread with this subject will be a lot firmer. Thanks and congratulations for a job well done.

JOEL L. HARRISON

Beverly Hills, Calif.

THERE WERE MISTAKES

Sirs:

Just read the bull speed. It was better than most articles like it and, indeed, was almost good. The picture of Carlos Vera on the double page deal labeled "Fama" is, of course, great and worth the price of admission alone.

However, there were mistakes. All *pirayune*. About, for example, as *pirayune* as a man's writing an authoritative piece on grouse shooting and saying "I brought the bird down with my 12 gauge rifle." *Pirayune*, but enough to tell you he is not an authority on shotgun shooting.

Here are the mistakes that I've spotted in one read-through:

A *facha* is not a series of linked passes. *Tosón* is the word for that.

Joselito was not killed as he went in for the kill.

The pass is not "por pecho" but "de pecho"; small item but as revealing as referring to an "innings" as a "chukker."

Lastly, Dominguin is not a Catalonian (from Barcelona) but was born in Madrid on the 9th of December, 1926.

BARNABY CONRAD

San Francisco

● *Afficionado* Barnaby (*La Facha* Brown) Conrad is right when he says a series of linked passes is a *tendu*, though a *tendu* is a part of the *facha*; *de pecho* is indeed the preferred usage; and Dominguin is a Madrileño. *Si* did not say Joselito was killed as he went in for the kill, but at the "moment of truth"—a "moment" that begins when the matador fixes the bull.—ED.

MORE THAN SUPERFICIAL

Sirs:

This article is the first I have seen in any American magazine which was accurate in all respects, and the only one in which the author has more than just a superficial knowledge of bullfighting.

I would also like to say that not only was the color work in Mr. Kauffman's photographs great, but also his were the only pictures I have seen (including my own) to give an accurate impression of the size of a bull ring, instead of making it appear twice as big as the Yankee Stadium.

JOHN A. GRANT

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

LOW GRADE

Sirs:

I have never seen anything quite as revealing as the article *Only the Brave* which

appeared in the Jan. 17 issue of *SI*. You must be running out of legitimate sports material to resort to such low grade subjects . . . or do you recognize the torture and slaughter of animals as being a sport?

If you ever run across a contest where the bull comes out the winner, it would make far more interesting reading, with or without illustrations.

FRANK G. DRAKE

Shaker Heights, Ohio

● Two famous winning bulls: Civilon, a bull of great courage but tender feelings, whose Ferdinand-like performance in Spain won him an honorable pardon from the crowd; and Bonito, a bull of such unexampled ferocity that he, too, was pardoned after goring a half dozen horses and as many men in Mexico. Very few bulls walk back from Swift & Co.—ED.

A FIRST LOOK

Sirs:

Just finished the Jan. 17 issue of your great magazine.

The bullfight story is really terrific. This must be the first time I have seen in color the bullfight from start to finish. . . .

BRAD SKEIGHT

Seattle

STRICTLY FOR PACKING HOUSES

Sirs:

Always have enjoyed your magazine but do hope we never have to see that so-called "sport" of butchering the animals in the arena again. I can't imagine enjoying an afternoon watching it. That job is left for the packing houses.

MRS. S. C. BLEGER

Dallas Center, Iowa

BULL SHOOTER

Sirs:

Photographer Mark Kauffman sure shot the bull!

LEG M. HAMMER

Ashboro, N.C.

OK?

Sirs:

"OK" to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

Your spectacle *Only the Brave* was superb. This magnificent coverage of the most fascinating "sport" in existence today is worthy of a standing ovation.

The photography of Mark Kauffman is another credit to the quality of *SI*.

KEN HENDERSON

St. Louis

PSYCHIATRIC LEAVE

Sirs:

SI has been a real credit to the *Luca* family of magazines since its first issue, and my wife and I have been happy to be among its initial subscribers.

However, I must protest pretty strongly the bullfight deal in the Jan. 17 issue. You can get pictures of bulls being bled to death in the Chicago (or Indianapolis or Des Moines) stockyards. And the copy editor who felt that *Only the Brave* was the way to describe bullfighters (and aficionados) should be given office leave to see a psychiatrist. Many a brave guy, in many a sport and in many a country, would want no part of this "sport." Hemingway did well

with it, too, but Hemingway at least was writing literature.

Let's, please, stick to sports—not "sports."

With gratitude for your good job,

DONALD McLEOD POND

New York

PICTURES FOR FRAMING

Sirs:

Thank you very much for the splendid report on bullfighting. The illustrations were particularly fine; however, I was more than slightly disappointed after looking very closely not to find an offer to send for a set of the pictures suitable for framing as you have done with so many other of your fine photograph series. If you feel in the future that you can offer a set of these pictures for framing please let me know. . . .

GORDON E. CLEMENT

Andover, Mass.

● Reader Clement will be notified. —ED.

A HUMBLE OPINION

Sirs:

I'm almost positive that I wouldn't care to sit under the hot sun and watch someone slaughter a bull. But in all fairness to your mag, which I am growing to like as time goes by, I want to say that the report on bullfighting was, in my humble opinion, the best-written of any sports article I have ever read.

W. F. SHOLLENBERGER

Girard, Pa.

AVERAGE READER

Sirs:

Kalamazoo's "Average Reader" (194 *Hole*, Jan. 17) probably found the charter subscription blank somewhere. His sarcastic remarks about your wonderful magazine are certainly out of line. You certainly cannot please everyone, but we feel you should ignore crude thoughts like his. He probably lacks the ambition to improve his knowledge of sports. Why doesn't he shuffle down to the corner store and acquire a copy of the latest catalog featuring his favorite "single twelve"? This catalog, along with an old copy of *Bugs Bunny* should keep him happy until the time rolls around for him to dig another can of worms.

There are times when no one can explain why some readers do not like to read about more fortunate sportsmen, or study illustrations of unfamiliar guns and fishing tackle.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, with its high editorial standards, is the most sought after sports magazine in the library at our school. We have an unusually high scholastic standard and such a successful record in sports that we find it difficult to make athletic schedules.

A poll of the 800 students on the roster of this all-boys' prep school will quickly assure you that your magazine is presenting a well-rounded, factual account of sports for all sportsmen everywhere. Your fairness in publishing "Average Reader's" substandard complaint is but one more example of your fairness to everyone.

We suggest you keep right on your target and file any more letters you get like his in that big, round file alongside your editorial desk.

JOHN J. TONNEN JR.

St. Louis

Continued on next page

KEEP IT UP

Sir: The letter you published from "Average Reader" brings to mind that there are enough outdoor-type magazines published to sink a small battleship. These mostly cater to the beagle-and-cane-pole crowd and I would like to suggest to "Average Reader" that he subscribe to seven or eight of these fine magazines and leave your alone if it doesn't please him. With a few exceptions it's the only weekly devoted to sports that seems to be written by adults for adults. Keep it up.

D. M. BURGESS JR.

Ada, Mich.

GOODY, LOIS JAY

Sir: The Jan. 19 issue has reached me, and while I am pleased with most of it, the misleading caption under the first picture is unfortunate. The first lady on the camel is not Lois Jay but Jane Belwell, as I carefully stated in my caption list. Would it be possible to print a correction in the next issue somewhere?

JOHN JAY

Williamstown, Mass.



● We stand corrected, but the second lady is still Barbara McClurg.—ED.

A MAN ABOUT A DOG

Sir: Never have I enjoyed reading such a fine magazine on sports. I have every issue of yours at home. Could you please help me with a little information?

I would like to get into the greyhound dog-racing sport but don't know how to get started. Could you tell me where I could get some information on where to buy a racing dog, how much they cost, the training of one, and other information pertaining to the sport.

WILLIAM JACOB

New York

● Greyhound racing is not legal in New York State, but South Carolina, Florida, Oregon, Montana, South Dakota, Arizona, Colorado and Massachusetts support 29 tracks between them. To get started, write the Na-

tional Coarsing Association, P.O. Box 543, Abilene, Kansas for its monthly *Coarsing News* which carries breeding reports, dogs at stud and dogs for sale. Kansas raises more greyhounds than any other state. A two-month-old pup costs between \$100 to \$200, in training must be walked three to five miles a day in addition to sprints in an open field. Greyhounds are hungry animals, consume between two to three pounds of mixed horse meat, dog meal and kibbles per day. Racing age starts at 15 months. Most kennels carry 20 to 25 greyhounds, are booked at the tracks through the Secretary of the track. Actual racing expenses for such a kennel come to about \$150 per week and earnings to \$400, with pups at home and the purchase of young dogs an additional expense. Dogs retire at four or five. Champion dogs have earned as much as \$50,000 during their lifetime, but don't count on retiring on their earnings.—ED.

ACCENT ON MEN

Sir:

Three cheers for SI's efforts to clean up boxing. But three boos for some of the letters printed in the Jan. 3 issue. Some of your readers seem to think that all sportswriters have "overlooked" boxing's dirty business. That's unfair to men and you can put the stress on the word *men*! Like Dan Parker and Jimmy Cannon.

MARTIN BROWN

New York

● Well-deserved pats on the Parker and Cannon backs, which were bent to the task before SI was born.—ED.

JOY THROUGH FUN

Sir:

Dr. Cureton's thesis on *Exercise to Keep Fit* makes sense. But who in the 'olden days' will go through a dull and drab routine of calisthenics at his home?

The only method for the aging and decrepit athlete is recreational sports, properly supervised, such as handball, basketball, wrestling, light and heavy bag work, volleyball, tennis, golf and squash. These sports

offer exercise as well as fun, and it is only through having fun that one enjoys exercising. Tell me who on SI engages in the form of calisthenics as prescribed by Dr. Cureton in William White's story?

LOUIS DE FICHT

Seaford, N.Y.

● When SI reaches middle age the staff will be polled.—ED.

RECOMMENDATION

Sir:

My recommendation to other middle-aged pot-bellied men is a fly rod weighing not over four ounces; waders rendered at the seat for meditation; an armload of pancakes to be worn inside the belt and a reliable automobile to convey one to not more than 800 yards of good trout streams with easy wading. As to diet: do you recall how wonderfully crosswise preserves fence post? Well, Scotch whisky is full of it.

SPARKE GREY HACKLE

New York

PRE TV

Sir:

In your Jan. 17 issue—*Snowdrift*—anent *redneck* mugging on TV, I observed it—but sentence beginning "A day will come . . . a viewer will charge, flick, kick, etc. *crouched like a gibbon*."

The underlined I and all my family resent. Gibbons do not "crouch." We are "Hylobates (cladys) agiles," literally agile wood-walkers, not "crouchers," nor are we orangs, diamangs, gnomes nor gnomes. Suggest you confer Cassell's *Natural History*, Vol. I pp. 73 ff.

Otherwise we are very much pleased with your publication.

J. A. GIBBONS

Wilkes Barre, Pa.

● Cassell's *Natural History*, Vol. I p. 73, does offer, it is true, a definitive work on gibbons (although it had not occurred to us heretofore that this included the Gibbons). It was written, however, before the day of the television bill collector. Even a gibbon will crouch at the sight of one—despite a fact you note in your letter, i.e., that he is used to being out on a limb.—ED.



"Well I say throw it away."



George Forman by Thomas Eakins

Illustration of a boxer in a ring

"If there's any extreme form of individualism, it's ring fighting. You wage your own battle all by yourself. No partners, no comrades in there with you. Like dying, you fight alone. So consider the prizefighter as a spiritual individualist, a solitary soul in travail."

Gene Tunney, *Arms for Living*

A reprint of this article and vignette, on heavy paper, suitable for framing, is available upon request. Send a postcard to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Dept. H, 5 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

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